

Children's Newspaper, January 22, 1927

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# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

*The Only Newspaper in the World for Boys and Girls*

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## FIRST CHILD VOICES TO AMERICA

See  
Page  
Two

### A LOST MIND FINDS ITSELF

#### HOW A MOTHER'S SON CAME HOME

Strange Story of Real Life in  
Nova Scotia

#### WHAT A BLOW FROM A TREE DID

When the New Year came to Frank Burgess, who worked on a farm in Nova Scotia, it was only the twenty-fifth year he could remember, though he knew quite well he must be many years older than that.

For a quarter of a century he had been wandering about the world as a seaman. He had seen Australia and South America, and his life had not been an easy one. There had always been something wrong with him. His messmates found him a simple-minded, rather strange old fellow, and in their kindly way made allowance for his eccentric behaviour from time to time.

#### Yellow Fever at Gibraltar

Yes, he was growing old, and his hard life had left its mark on him. Yet he could only recollect twenty-five years, for a quarter of a century ago Burgess lost his memory. He could remember being carried ashore at Gibraltar, dead ill with yellow fever, but before that his life was a blank. He had often tried to remember what had happened to him before the attack of yellow fever, from which he had, to everyone's surprise, recovered; and when, just before Christmas, he had been paid off from his ship a sudden notion seized him to go to Nova Scotia.

There he got some work ashore, and while tree-felling a tree crashed down on him where he stood and bore him senseless to the ground.

Past and present alike disappeared at that moment for Burgess. He lay alone for the better part of a day, and when he came to himself he could not see. But something stranger than that had happened to his head. It was buzzing with memories. Frank Burgess remembered at last who he was and what he had been before his illness at Gibraltar. By some mysterious recovery of brain power after regaining consciousness his memory had returned.

#### The Sailor's Homecoming

He went to the police station at Truro and told his story to the police, asking them if they would telephone to Burlington, Hants County, where he knew he had been as a boy. They did so, and at Burlington an aged woman over seventy years old learned that her son Frank, whom she believed had died of yellow fever at Gibraltar, was alive, and was coming to see her. She had parted from him when he was a young man; now she met him again, a man older than she was when she had seen him when he left home.

Home was the sailor from sea!

### Going Back Two Centuries



When Professor Andrade lectured at the Imperial College of Science the other day he dressed and made himself up to look like Francis Hauksbee, the scientist who improved the air-pump in the time of Queen Anne. In this picture we see Professor Andrade demonstrating with Hauksbee's 200-year-old air-pump, which is still in perfect working order. See page 4

### TWO DAUGHTERS OF FAMOUS FATHERS

It was odd the other day to be reminded, side by side in the daily paper, of two famous figures of our grandfathers' days. Within a few hours of each other died two old ladies, daughters of two famous Englishmen whose names will always live in the minds of their countrymen.

Mrs. Mary Drew was in her eightieth year. She was the daughter of Mr. Gladstone, four times Prime Minister of England, born in 1809. A tender memory of him is his love for his little granddaughter Dorothy Drew, with whom he was so often photographed. Dorothy, whose portraits were so familiar to a past generation, was made a widow by the war, and now she has lost both parents, for her father, the gentle Rector of Hawarden, died many years ago.

Mrs. Eleanor Smyth was 95. She was the daughter of Sir Rowland Hill,

who was born in 1795 and established the Penny Post in 1840. She was only eight years old when her father achieved his great triumph, and could not remember the derision with which his plan was first greeted, though she lived to see honour and gratitude heaped on him, and lived, unhappily, to see his triumph thrown down by the war, and even today not yet restored.

Thus are the links with Victorian England snapped one by one. And is it not sad to reflect that both these daughters of great men lived to see the collapse of the work of their fathers? The war destroyed the Penny Post and the unity of the Liberal Party as a fighting force—though the Penny Post will return and Liberalism lives on and can never perish in the life of the nation or of the world.

### HEROES LOST AND FOUND

#### FINE JOHN RIDD AND CRUEL JOHN PEEL

The Hunting Man Who is Not  
Worth His Song

#### THROWING DOGS DOWN A PIT

England has just found a hero and she has just lost one.

For some time people have been told that the story of Blackmore's famous novel Lorna Doone had no foundation in history, although it pretended to be historical. It was said that there were never any Doones or Ridds—except in the pages of that delightful romance. But this criticism of the novelist now turns out to be unjustified.

#### Stories of the Doones

The Rev. A. A. Headley, of Cheltenham, actually knew a descendant of John Ridd. He was a tall, broad man named John Ridd Hayman, who lived at Fareham nearly fifty years ago. He often told Mr. Headley about the stories he had heard of the Doones in his childhood, and this, of course, was long before Blackmore had made the Exmoor bandits famous wherever Lorna Doone is read and liked.

It is good to have John Ridd back again, for he was as fine, bluff, and boyish a hero as we could wish to have. But unfortunately we lose John Peel just as we find John Ridd.

One of the jolliest and best-known tunes is dedicated to this old hunting squire, and there can be hardly anyone in England who does not "ken John Peel." Men have made him a sort of hero of sport and song, and have thought about him as if he were a typical John Bull. Alas! they were wrong in making him a model English sportsman of the old type.

John Peel was as real as John Ridd. He was born in 1776 and died in 1854. Nearly all his life was spent in hunting over the Cumberland fells; and his exploits have become legendary. But if he was a real man he was not a real hero.

#### A Savage Hunter

In a new biography, just published we learn that he was seldom sober, that he himself helped to compose the song in his honour (the music being adapted from an old Scottish tune), and that he was cruel even for a hunter, having a brutal way of weeding faulty hounds out of his pack. If a hound had shown stupidity during a run he used to dismount on nearing an old, very deep coal-pit and call the hound by name.

"The poor fond thing," says Mr. Hugh Machell, Peel's biographer, "would come and cringe, when he would fix it by the neck and fling it down, and run away with his hand and whip at his ears."

It is a savage story, almost savage enough to make people vow never to sing John Peel again.



## A GREAT SCENE UNDER THE FLAG

### HOW PREMPEH CAME BACK

A Look-Back in a Tragic  
Field of Years Ago

#### THE PALAVER OF KUMASI

We have received from one of our readers a very interesting account of the return of Prempeh as Chief of Kumasi, to which we referred a few weeks ago. The writer was present at the ceremony at which Prempeh was reinstated, and he sends these notes.

The Governor was up for four or five days last week, receiving the oath of allegiance from Prempeh, who has been reinstated as Chief of Kumasi, but not of Ashanti, as he was in 1895.

The Palaver was a gorgeous spectacle. In the centre before the beflagged pavilion were a hundred of the regiment, in scarlet coats and with shining bayonets and accoutrements; to their right the regimental band in scarlet and gold. In the pavilion were His Excellency and Staff in full uniform.

#### The State Umbrellas

The chiefs of Kumasi and many supporters formed a great crescent of humanity, a thousand Negroes in cloths of many colours. Each chief had his State umbrella, under which he sat, heavily laden with gold insignia and ornaments. There were perhaps a hundred umbrellas, large, multi-coloured, and splendid. On top of each umbrella was a gilded emblem of the owner's station, in one case a stuffed monkey.

The scene being set, the linguists of all the chiefs approached the Governor and addressed him from a respectful distance of ten yards. These linguists are the ministers of the chiefs, and everything is done through them. His Excellency, having heard their requests, called them to him and said that the King Emperor had agreed to their requests, and required them and Prempeh to take the oath of allegiance, keep the peace, and rule justly.

#### Wonderful Prosperity

The linguists then retired, and after an interval Prempeh came forward, a fine figure in a brilliant silken robe of scarlet, white, green, and gold. He swore to be loyal and true, and thanked the Government and King George for the wonderful prosperity given to Kumasi since the coming of the white man and for restoring him to his people.

Prempeh now presented all his sub-chiefs, each of whom approached, with ten or fifty retainers, under his umbrella, which was shaken and waved in ecstasy above him, with drums beating and horns blowing. The Hausa chief from the Zongo (a trading centre) was splendid, with some fifty followers, all men of six feet and fine presence, in voluminous white robes and turbans, their faces half-veiled. The whiteness of their robes was relieved by blue or red or green folds in their turbans and by the scarlet sashes and cords from which hung their swords.

#### The Change of Thirty Years

When the presentation was over His Excellency made a speech to the people. The Fort Field was very quiet, the only sound being that of the breeze among the palms above the crowd, brilliant in the African sunlight, a wonderful scene when we remember that thirty years ago these same chiefs were enslaving thousands and making hundreds of human sacrifices a year, that in this same field and fort in 1900 were shut up several thousand natives and a few British for 80 days.

Now the chiefs are rich and prosperous in peace, and their sons are educated and capable citizens in what is becoming more and more a very modern town, on a site where, a generation ago, was a swamp, with plague-ridden huts in thick forest, and a widespread fear of death or torture.

## AN ENEMY BECOMES A FRIEND

### FAMOUS AMERICAN'S IDEA FOR WORLD PEACE

Suggested Alliance of the  
English-Speaking Races

#### A SIGN OF THE TIMES

A wonderful thing has happened in America. One of Britain's strongest enemies there has proposed an alliance of the English-speaking peoples to establish world peace.

He is Mr. William Randolph Hearst, the owner of some of the most powerful newspapers of America. He has always been a strong opponent of any kind of alliance of America with any other country. A splendid isolation is his ideal for her. He is bitterly opposed to her having anything to do with the League of Nations, or even with the World Court at The Hague. He has always denounced Britain as a country which tyrannises over subject races, and has warned his countrymen against giving countenance to her wicked Imperialism.

#### Protection for Everyone

Yet now he is proposing an actual alliance with her. He would still exclude India, but he asks that the United States, Great Britain, Ireland, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa should cooperate to ensure peace among themselves and as far as possible to maintain the peace of the world.

"It would be (he says) an understanding, an agreement, a compact, to prevent the parties to the agreement from making war among themselves and to protect any one and all the parties from the warlike aggression of others."

Mr. Hearst would have an agreement not only to keep down armaments to a certain point, but to keep them up to a definite strength and efficiency to help to attain the objects of the alliance.

Such a combination, he thinks, would be by far the most powerful influence in the world.

#### America's Opinion Changing

It is, of course, unlikely that an understanding with America would ever take exactly the form Mr. Hearst suggests. We shall never desert the League of Nations, for instance, and we shall not commit ourselves to keep up armaments instead of reducing them. But all the sister nations of the British Commonwealth will joyfully enter into the closest possible understanding with America for furthering the world's peace.

The importance of Mr. Hearst's proposals is not in the scheme he puts forward but in its evidence of a change in the attitude of American public opinion. It is certain that Britain and America together could ensure the world's peace by their united influence in the world's counsels, altogether apart from the strength of their armies and navies and air forces.

#### THE COURAGE THAT WINS

At Newport the other day lawyers saw a very fine example of what can be done by courage even in the blackest adversity. A solicitor rose to conduct his first case, and he was blind.

To most men blindness would come as the end of all work and ambition. They would want to creep away out of the world's busy life to nurse their misery alone. But this brave man chose a profession which took him into the heart of strife, and fought his way through to success. His name is Mr. E. I. Reid, and we are delighted to say that he won his first case.

In all probability this is the first time that a witness in a law court has been cross-examined from notes in Braille.

## WHY DO FISH LEAVE HOME?

### LITTLE SEA MYSTERIES

The Big Hake That Seems to  
Have Vanished

#### FISHES AND COLD

By Our Natural Historian

There is always some little mystery of the sea to be solved.

At one time it is the disappearance of the pilchards from St. Ives; then of the sardines from their Mediterranean haunts; then of impoverished herring shoals in the North Sea. Now it is the hake that is the subject of inquiry. Where is the plump, large, 12-pound hake? It has apparently vanished and left the scene to hake only a fraction of that weight.

#### Starved Herrings

The answers to such problems are at times surprising. Two years ago it was found that the herrings were fewer than usual because an unusual flood of Atlantic water had entered the North Sea, bringing multitudes of salps, small, jellyfish-like animals. Between the abundant presence of these and the scarcity of herrings experts traced some connection; the two kinds seem incapable of thriving in company.

As the salps live on the surface of the sea and herring eggs sink to the bottom the salps cannot have devoured the ova, but it is believed that the jellyfish do devour the tiny organisms on which the herring feeds, and so starve out the fish.

The sardines were found to have been driven from home by the low temperature of the water, compelling them to seek warmer currents. The departure, the long absence, and the eventual return of the Cornish pilchards remain a mystery; and the disappearance of the large hake is at present a puzzle as profound, for the big ones have certainly not all been caught.

#### Frostbitten Fish

Strange things happen at sea. It was but the other day that swarms of herring were tossed high and helpless on the beaches of the Hebrides, a rich harvest for the islanders, brought by unexplained means; either great waves threw the fish ashore with masses of weed and wreckage, or, as is less likely, the herrings were chased into shallows and left stranded by larger fish pursuing them off the shore.

A year or two ago, Dover beach was strewn with conger eels, cod, tope, whiting, and sprats, frostbitten into helplessness and cast as living wrecks ashore. We call fish cold-blooded, but they dislike extreme cold as much as a boy dislikes an icy bath. They actually die of cold; millions of tile fish across the Atlantic were killed by chilly currents; and fish brought up by Scott's men in the Antarctic, from water with a temperature of 30 degrees, froze to death as they reached the air, where the temperature was 70 degrees colder. There is always something new to be learned of the sea. E. A. B.

#### SECOND TO NONE

### The Musical Scouts of Cranford

Which Scout troop was the first to have a string band?

The claim was made in the C.N. the other day on behalf of the First Haslemere Troop, but priority seems to belong to a troop at Cranford, near Hounslow.

We learn through the kindness of a correspondent that the First Cranford Troop has had an orchestra since 1912, two years after its foundation by Mr. Percy Armytage, who, as an amateur, has conducted juvenile orchestras for forty years.

Long may the Cranford Scouts live up to their motto of Second to None!

## FIRST CHILD VOICES ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

### C.N. Readers Make History

#### THE NEW HIGHWAY OF CONVERSATION

First of the children's voices to call across the Atlantic on the London-to-New York telephone were those of two readers of the C.N.

When these two boys of seven and ten grow up big business will be crossing the Atlantic by telephone at every minute of the day, and the whole world will be talking together. But when they are old men, and nobody thinks much of such wonders, they will still be glad to recall that they were the first children to do this wonderful thing.

It came about in this way. When the Lord Mayor of London lifted his telephone and called up the Mayor of New York, the service was officially opened for all the wordy traffic that was to follow, just as a new street is opened when the great man declares it to be in the presence of the Mayor and Corporation.

#### A Tremendous Privilege

But before the first ratepayer's car moves along the new thoroughfare there have been borough surveyors, road-makers, contractors, and probably policemen who have trodden the completed highway.

The C.N. pioneers were none of these dignitaries. They were just two small boys, little David and little Hinton, who were sons of one of the clever post-office officials whose duty it was to test the line to make sure that when the Lord Mayor's first call was made there should be no hitch. And they were allowed as a tremendous privilege to say a word or two over this great avenue of communication of the future.

Their little voices were the first child voices ever heard across the ocean highway between the two great homelands of the English-speaking world.

## THINGS SAID

Never stifle a sneeze.

Dr. Octavia Lewin

We want a passion for facts.

Sir Josiah Stamp

Homes are the best things we have made so far.

Miss Maude Royden

Nothing useful can be obtained without hard work.

Mr. D. H. McCurtain

Poverty is unknown in Denmark and Norway.

Sir Jagadis Bose

I should not like to be a shareholder in Hollywood at the Day of Judgment.

Mr. R. F. Cholmeley

The ten-language man is not necessarily an intelligent man.

Professor O. H. Prior

Nine-tenths of the things an adult does are done because other people do them!

Dr. J. A. Halford

In future the chief danger to States will come, not from warlike neighbours, but from within.

Dean Inge

What is happening in the intervening ether? Perhaps the angels are picking us up.

Sir Walford Davies

The test of school is whether the boy leaves school with a wish to go on learning.

Dr. Lyttelton

Nations rejoice that they have the courage to fight each other. When will they have the courage to trust each other?

President Coolidge

Humiliation? The word suggests a bitter experience, but Bunyan gave it a different ring: "The Valley of Humiliation is as fruitful a place as any the crow flies over." Archbishop of Canterbury



## WHAT WILL THEY FIND IN CONSTANTINOPLE?

### SECRETS OF THE TURKISH CAPITAL

#### British Excavators to Begin Digging Up the Hippodrome

#### THE SNAKE COLUMN

A most interesting piece of work on which we shall keep our eye is about to begin in Constantinople.

The Turkish Government has given permission to the British Academy to dig for one year to see what they can find of the Hippodrome. This is one of the few places in Europe which excavators have not properly worked at.

The British Academy, which is not so well known as it ought to be, was formed about 25 years ago to further, among other things, the interests of historical research. The members, who are naturally great scholars, meet from time to time at Burlington House. They have long been interested in the thought of the hidden secrets of Constantinople, and, to their great satisfaction, the Turkish Ministry of Education has given them leave to explore, on condition that what they find shall go to the museum in Constantinople.

#### Beautifying Byzantium

When the Roman Empire spread strongly to the East and could no longer be controlled from Rome the Emperor Constantine divided the Empire into two halves and looked about for an Eastern capital. He chose Byzantium, an important historic city of Greek-speaking people. First he called it New Rome, then Constantinople.

The festival of dedication of the new capital took place in 330. Constantine at once set about making his city as superb as could be in the least possible time. He looted everywhere, took everything he could lay his hands on, and one of the chief places of his glory was the Hippodrome. All the reports and descriptions which have come down to us show what a stupendous place the emperor made of it before he had finished.

He robbed the great cities of Athens, Delphi, and Olympia, leaving pedestals by the score without their statues. The greatest thing he stole (probably he said it was borrowing) was the famous bronze snake column from Delphi. This held the golden tripod which was dedicated by Greece in memory of the defeat of the Persians at Plataea in the summer of 479 B.C., when the greatest army ever raised in Greece took the field.

#### Buried Ruins of Greek Art

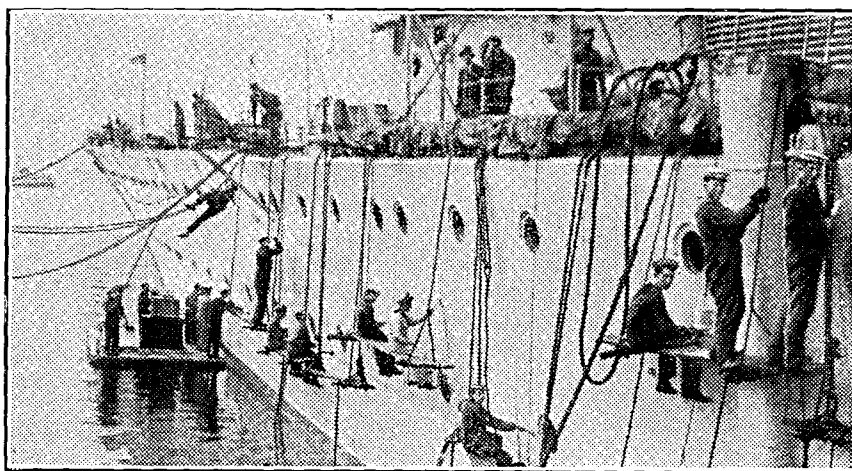
This, with many other statues and obelisks, stood on the low wall that ran down the centre of the Hippodrome race-course, and round which the charioteers had to guide their cars. A fragment of the snake column and two of the obelisks still stand in the public garden into which the changes of time have converted the great Hippodrome. Underneath the trees and the flower-beds lie buried precious ruins of Greek art.

Probably in the wars and tumults through which Constantinople has passed the snake column would have disappeared altogether had it not been that the Turks thought it lucky—a charm to keep snakes out of the city.

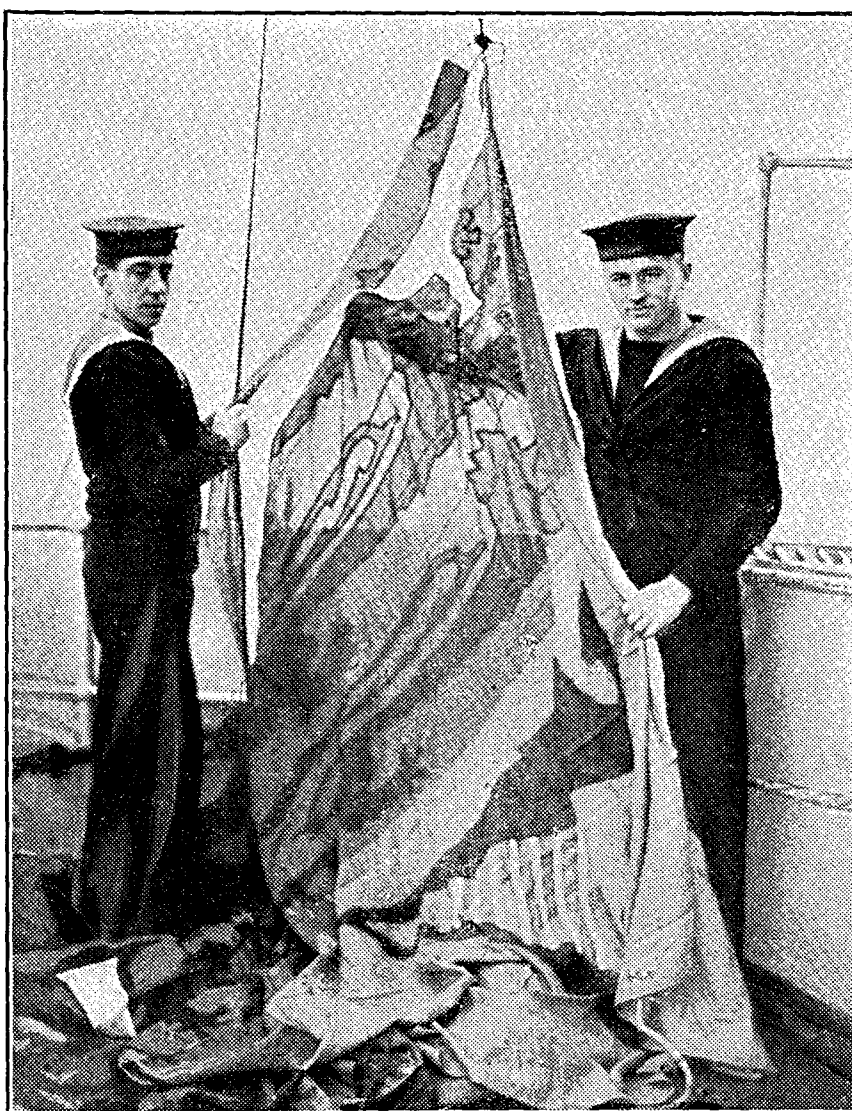
#### Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Hours of sun . . . 53	Dublin . . . 0.89 ins.
Total rainfall 0.23 ins.	Falmouth . . . 0.82 ins.
Wet days . . . 5	Liverpool . . . 0.70 ins.
Dry Days . . . 26	Tynemouth . . . 0.70 ins.
Warmest days 29, 31	Southampton . . . 0.39 ins.
Coldest day . . . 27th	Edinburgh . . . 0.27 ins.

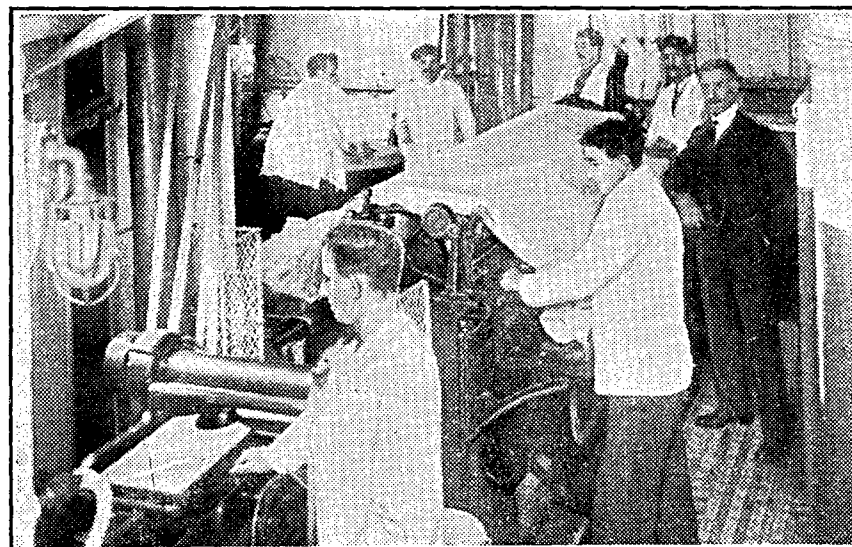
## THE SILVER SHIP SAILS SOUTH



Giving the Renown a coat of silver paint



Signallers hoisting the Duke of York's standard



The electric laundry on board the Renown

The Duke and Duchess of York are now on their way to Australia and New Zealand on the battle-cruiser Renown, which has gone via the Panama Canal and will return through the Suez Canal, so that it will travel right round the world. These pictures were taken just before the Renown left Portsmouth

## A PENNILESS MAN'S STORY

### REFUGEE WHO BECAME A KING'S COUSIN

#### The Empty Coffin in the Cathedral of Kosice

#### FATHER AND SON

The story has just been told in the C.N. Monthly of Francis Rakoczi, the prince who sacrificed all that he was and all that he had in the cause of liberty, and ended his life in exile with his faithful friend and follower Count Nicholas Bercsenyi.

A new book which is now being read in Hungary has a romantic tale to tell about the son of this Count Bercsenyi and an empty stone coffin.

Born in 1689, Ladislav Bercsenyi was still a child when the Hungarian people, led by Francis Rakoczi and his own father, revolted against Austrian oppression. But he took his share in the fighting, and distinguished himself in more than one engagement before he was nineteen.

#### An Honoured Exile

At 22; the heroic struggle having ended disastrously for the insurgents, he followed his father and Rakoczi to Poland, and from there Rakoczi sent him with a letter of recommendation to France, to King Louis the Fourteenth. But his own qualities must have been the best recommendation, or he would not have been made after only a few months lieutenant-colonel in the First French Regiment of Hussars.

Foreigner as he was, he ended by obtaining the highest military honour in France, that of a marshal, and became, as owner of the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Louis, honorary cousin to the King of France.

#### A Wish Unfulfilled

From a penniless Hungarian refugee to cousin of the French king is surely as dazzling a career as anyone could dream of; but Ladislav Bercsenyi's head was not turned by it. To the end his heart retained its allegiance to the land of his birth and the father who, himself faithful to the last, had shared his prince's exile. His letters express over and over again his fervent wish to see his father's body brought back to Hungary and to be himself buried there by his side.

He was not to have his wish. Twenty years ago the remains of Francis Rakoczi and four of his companions were taken home from exile and laid to rest in the Cathedral of Kosice, a Hungarian town which has since been given to Czecho-Slovakia. It was the intention of those who arranged this home-bringing to find and bring back also the bones of Count Bercsenyi, the French marshal.

#### The Empty Coffin

After a long search they found his grave in the little French village of Lusancy, and obtained permission from the French Government for the removal of the body; but at the last moment the Count's French descendants, who had long ago forgotten all about him and did not even know where he had been buried, protested against the removal and induced the Government to revoke its permission.

So the sixth stone coffin is still standing empty in the Cathedral of Kosice, and gallant Nicholas Bercsenyi and his not less gallant son are not yet united in death, as they had hoped they would be.



## A VERY ANCIENT PROFESSOR LOOKING FORWARD FROM 1707

Old Francis Hauksbee Returns  
to the Lecture Stage

### A SCIENTIST'S JOLLY IDEA

What would Sir Christopher Wren and Sir Isaac Newton have said if they could have come back from the days of Queen Anne to look on the glittering array of prisms and lenses, and on the wonders of wireless, which were displayed for all to see at South Kensington when the Physical and Optical Society held its annual exhibition?

We believe that in spite of the passage of more than 200 years they would have quickly found something new in thought to add to the wondrous display; and perhaps Professor Andrade, who is a Professor of Physics of our own time, and teaches it to the students at Woolwich, thought so too. But what he did the other day to bring those old scientific days of the seventeenth century back into the twentieth was to give a lecture in the manner of the learned and eloquent Master Francis Hauksbee, who was clerk to the young Royal Society when Sir Isaac was president, and who knew nearly all there was to be known about electricity in those dimly-lighted days of 1707 and thereabouts.

### Bringing Back the Past

Master Francis Hauksbee's lecture was lighted by wax candles, though we are inclined to believe that in Queen Anne's days, when scientific workers were not very well off, tallow candles would have had to serve. But the experiments were the thing, for Master Francis Hauksbee, in wig and claret-coloured coat and buckled shoes, showed first the experiment of the famous philosopher Robert Boyle with the air-pump. Some of us may still remember that Boyle gave his name to a famous law of gases, but it brought back the past more vividly when Professor Andrade used the pump which Boyle may have used and Hauksbee may have made.

Then the professor, in wig and buckled shoes, exhibited the first electrical machine that Hauksbee had made, and, speaking as in Hauksbee's voice, showed the fountain of electrical fire in the exhausted tube, and wondered whether this "light and crackling do in some way represent thunder and lightning."

### Seeds of the Tree of Knowledge

The old professor, speaking through the voice of the new, wondered why and whether the damp should prevent the experiments from working, and begged his audience to lay the blame, not on him and his assistant, but on the climate, which would feel the censure less.

Lastly the old gentleman, peering out with the eye of faith from 1707 to 1927, declared that he was persuaded that in these electrical effluvia lay the seeds of great matters. From the study of them might come a day when a light arising from them should far outshine the glow of the candles, when chariots should be driven by their power, and when the study of them should establish the true order of Nature.

Two centuries ago the seed was sown by Master Hauksbee and his fellows. Now it is flowering, but the mighty tree of knowledge has many new fruits yet to be gathered. *Picture on page one*

### Pronunciations in This Paper

Ambala . . . . . Um-bah-lah  
Chaldees . . . . . Kal-dees  
Jararaca . . . . . Jar-ah-rah-kah  
Kumasi . . . . . Koo-mahs-se  
Plataea . . . . . Plah-tee-ah  
St. Mary Axe . . . . . Simmery-Ax

## A BRAY FROM BRAY KEEPING THE COUNCIL CHEERFUL

Who Will Take a Summer  
Holiday at What's-Its-Name?

### BRE, BRI, AND CHUALANN

The people of Bray in County Wicklow seem to be rather in a pickle. They thought they lived in Bray, and now they are not quite sure what to say, for the town has lost its name and so far a new name is not forthcoming.

Bray is quite a nice name for a town, and people who have gone there to stay in the holidays have felt quite happy when they wrote Bray on their luggage-labels. But the Bray Urban Council thinks that Bray is too ordinary, not sufficiently mysterious. They want a really truly Gaelic name, intensely Irish, something which very few people would know how to pronounce.

### New Name's Short Life

With this ideal in view they issued a decree that Bray should be Bray no longer, but Bri-Chualann. The Bri-Chualann Urban Council rolled the new name on their tongues lovingly, and went home happy.

But the lodging-house and boarding-house keepers of the town wrung their hands. How could they expect people from England and elsewhere to come to Bray for a holiday when there was no Bray? How could a poor Briton be expected to know that Bri-Chualann was the same thing? He would give it up and go to Margate.

The Council met again, gloomily, and decided that their beautiful name would have to go. They said it seven times over for the last time and buried it. And they said that they would call the town Bre.

### Forgetting How to Spell

Again the lodging-house and boarding-house people wrung their hands. If they wrote to their English friends from Bre they would think they had forgotten how to spell. And what a disgrace that would be! And no Briton would write just Bre on a luggage-label. Bre looked like half a pair of scissors, or the beginning of a telephone call.

The Council met again, still more gloomy. This time they decided to make the best of both words and settle the question of forgetting to spell once for all. They would call the town Bre, with Bray after it in parentheses—Bre (Bray); and any Englishman would know that only a well-educated person could understand what a parenthesis was.

The townsfolk did not like it; they privately thought it was silly. But they had got Bray in by the skin of its teeth, parentheses and all, and they had better let sleeping dogs lie.

### A Nameless Town

But the Bre (Bray) Urban Council (ex Bri-Chualann) met again, and this time wrung their own hands. They had decided they could not abide Bre (Bray). They therefore cancelled that name and went home. No one had the energy to suggest another in its place, and so the poor town is left without a name.

For how can you expect an Englishman to address his luggage-labels to nowhere, or to put just a dash after *Passenger to*?

We hope the knotty point will be settled before the August rush begins, or we shall expect another loud Bray from Bray, or Bre, or Bri (Bray), or Bri-Chualann; at any rate, we shall expect a Bray.

## FIGHT WITH A SHARK Astounding Heroism of an Australian Boy TRAGEDY OF A. SYDNEY SURF BEACH

Where the Pacific breaks in rollers at Manly Beach and Port Hacking, near Sydney Harbour, the surf bathing has dangers which thousands of Sydney young people brave every day of summer, but which sometimes claim a victim. The peril is the visiting shark.

Just after New Year's Day a fifteen-year-old boy was bathing at Cronulla, one of the famous surf beaches of Sydney, when he suddenly screamed in terror, for a shark had seized him by the leg. A brave youth looking on, Stanley Gibbs, at once leaped in and swam out toward the boy. He reached him and, regardless of any danger to himself, seized the lad by the arm with one hand, and with his free fist punched the shark so violently that he compelled the creature to let go.

### A Sad Ending

The shark released its grip in surprise, and Gibbs, a young fellow of eighteen, struck out for the shore, pushing the fainting boy in front of him. Twice the shark returned to the attack. Twice Gibbs beat it off, and by this time a boat had been launched, and the man in it managed to drag both Gibbs and the boy (Mervyn Allum) into shallow water.

We should like to end the story there, but its ending is not so happy, for, in spite of the heroism which had rescued the boy, he died from his injuries.

The heroism of Stanley Gibbs has aroused intense admiration throughout the Commonwealth, and it is expected that it will be recognised on the arrival of the Duke of York, now on his way to open the Parliament House at Canberra.

## A THEATRE DANGER

### The Growing Peril of Smoking

A Manchester cinema theatre has been burned down, and it is believed that a cigarette started the flames.

Smoking in theatres was once universally forbidden, though allowed in music-halls. But now it is permitted in cinemas, and in one theatre after another the old rule is being withdrawn, while in many others no notice is taken when the rule is broken.

All sorts of other precautions, such as safety-curtains and unbarred exits, are taken against fire in these places, but the obvious precaution of stopping smoking is never considered. It should be a punishable offence even to strike a match in a theatre, yet reckless people who are not smoking will light a match even to look at a programme.

Can we be surprised that a Non-Smokers' Society has been formed (37, Devonshire Road, Balham) to protect the public from the 'invasion' of its rights by the increasing band of smokers, many of them increasingly inconsiderate of others?

## 186 MILLION COINS

### A Year at the Mint

The Royal Mint is one of those places of which we only have news once a year, but its news is always interesting.

The report of the Mint for 1925 shows that it did a little less business than in the year before, its output of 186 million coins being 36 millions fewer. A curious fact is that for the second year in succession there was no need to strike any pennies for home use, while the Colonies needed only £500 worth.

A thing worth remembering is that only a small part of the Mint's work lies in providing coins for our own use. Of the output of coins in 1925 about 53 millions were for Britain and the Dominions, 84 millions for the Colonies, and nearly 50 millions for foreign countries.

## THE HOUSES OF ABRAHAM'S DAY LIFE IN UR OF THE CHALDEES

Schoolboys Doing Sums  
and Grown-Ups Singing Hymns

### MR. WOOLLEY'S NEW DISCOVERIES

Out of the many dry-as-dust stories that come from archaeologists who are busy digging up the bones of ancient history, there emerges a pretty tale which we are glad to hear. It hails from that ancient of towns, Ur of the Chaldees, which we are particularly interested in because Abraham lived there.

The archaeologists, under Mr. Leonard Woolley, have set out this season to find out something about the way ordinary human beings lived. They have not only found their houses, but have learned something of their taste in hymns and their arithmetic.

### Houses Built 4000 Years Ago

We do not know if it is any comfort to boys and girls who are struggling with square and cube roots to know that these things were struggled with in Abraham's day. It may, perhaps, make them feel that as there is no escape they might as well push on and master them and a little more.

Most people will be interested to hear of the houses in which the arithmetic tablets were found. These were put up about Abraham's time, and it appears that they lasted about two centuries. They were built solidly in burned brick, pleasant two-storeyed houses; and the curious thing is that they resemble the houses in which well-to-do people live in Bagdad now.

These houses built four thousand years ago were planned for comfort, and were not unpleasant in proportion. They were built round a central court, about which were grouped reception rooms and servants' rooms. A wooden gallery ran round the courtyard, opening on to upper rooms in which the family lived. Brick staircases ran up from the floor; and even in those days they used whitewash.

### Narrow Streets

Sometimes the houses stood alone, and sometimes they formed blocks, with narrow streets running in between. There seemed to be no class distinction in houses; big and little ones appeared to have existed side by side.

The people in those days had the habit of burying their dead under the houses they had lived in. When we think of this we feel glad that a certain amount of progress has been made since Ur of the Chaldees was a great city.

But in other ways the world does not seem to have changed very much. Even though arithmetic books were clay tablets, students must have pored over them in these brick houses just as we do in our brick houses; men and women must have sung hymns on their holy days. Mr. Woolley has found some of their hymns, and one day he will tell us what the hymns were like.

## THE ELECTRIC BARBER

### A New Hair-Cutting Machine

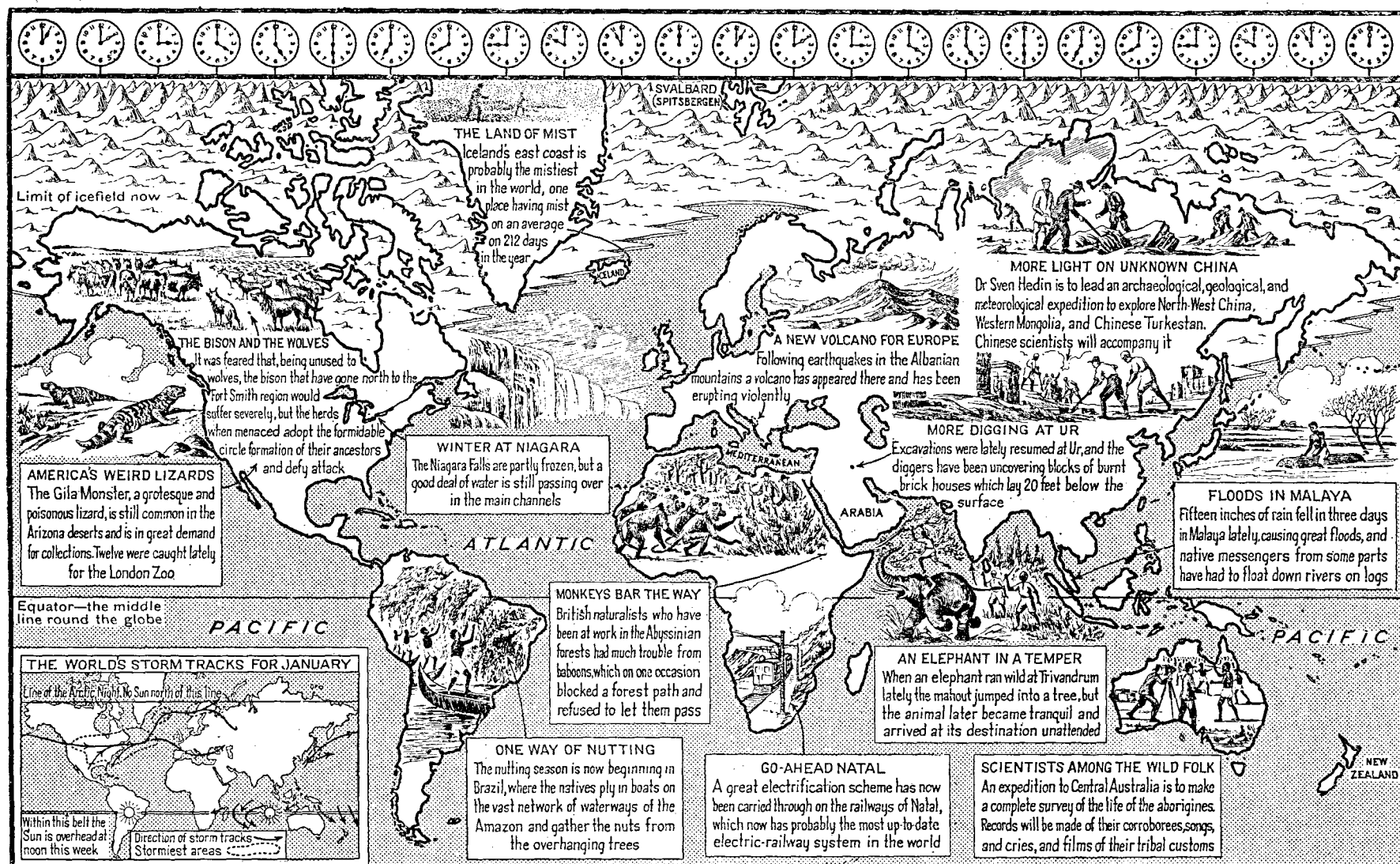
A reader of the C.N. tells us that on a recent visit to Germany he had his hair cut by an electric machine.

So popular has this machine become that it has led to a new fashion among German men, who have their scalps cropped almost to the skin except for a little tuft on the top.

The most popular machine is suspended by a wire fixed to a roller near the ceiling, and the machine can pass from one chair to another like the old mechanical hair-brushes. The clippers are operated by a very high-speed electric motor.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## THE WHITE MITE REACHES BRISTOL

### Another Victory for the Insect

A plague of white mites which has suddenly made itself felt in the ancient port of Bristol reminds us of a remark made the other day that there were very few pleasant places in the world that the mosquito had not found out.

Fortunately it has not found out Great Britain yet in force; but these islands, to which come ships from every part, are always liable to the insect pests of other lands. The British climate is generally too much for them, but these mites which came all the way from Algeria, and are known by the significant name of glycyphagus domesticus, have domesticated themselves in some Bristol homes in a determined way.

The medical officer of health, Dr. D. S. Davis, reports that they had been imported in some fibre used for stuffing furniture. They multiplied so fast that they forced two families to leave their homes and part of their furniture. But even in what they took in their flight the mites remained, and lived to fight another day in other houses.

Something will certainly be done to throw out these pestilent aliens, but they are difficult to deal with because, although so small that they can barely be seen except with a magnifying-glass, they multiply with fearful rapidity.

## THE FLIGHT OF A BIRD

### Nearly a Mile a Minute

Measurements of the speed of a bird's flight in East Prussia show that some birds are capable of a speed of nearly a mile a minute.

The carrier-pigeon was found to be the fastest, next the starling with 48 miles an hour, the jackdaw with 38, the rook with 32, the sparrow-hawk with 25.

## NEWSBOY TRIUMPHANT

### The Way to be Lord Mayor

In 1890 a little boy of eleven began to earn his own living.

His parents were both dead. He started to sell papers and earned 3s. 6d. a week, but afterwards worked on a farm from four in the morning till late at night for half-a-crown a week and his board. A very dull, poverty-pinched life seemed to lie before him.

But in 1927 that boy was summoned to Buckingham Palace and made a knight. He has twice been Lord Mayor of Birmingham, and for his work in the war he received decorations from the French and British Governments.

Sir Percival Bower is just as romantic as Dick Whittington, although no one has yet written a pantomime about him. Perhaps that is an honour still in store. In the meantime we must treat newsboys with special respect, for who knows when we may be buying our C.N. from a future Lord Mayor?

## THE FINEST LOVE-STORY IN THE WORLD

### With a Gallery of Colour Pictures for C.N. Readers

The rarest love-story in the world is also one of the oldest, for it has stood the test of twenty centuries.

It is the story of Ruth in the Cornfield. This great Bible story is published this month in the C.N.'s monthly companion, My Magazine, with a charming gallery of colour pictures.

Mr. William Hatherell, whose beautiful Shakespeare pictures in My Magazine will long be remembered, has painted a delightful series of scenes in the story of Ruth, and they appear in full colours in My Magazine for February, now on sale everywhere.

There are hosts of other good things in this splendid number, and there is no better shilling investment anywhere. Ask for My Magazine.

## THE TRAVELLING ELM FORBIDDEN TO LAND

### Trees of Good and Evil

Importing elm trees into England, where so many old cities are beautified by avenues of immemorial elms, might seem like carrying coals to Newcastle.

But they have often been imported from the Continent because they were cheap, and there is an ever-growing demand for the soft woods of such trees as these.

Now a remarkable thing has happened. Their importation has been forbidden from New Year's Day onwards—not because their competition with our home trees is feared in any way, but because these aliens bring undesirable companions with them. In other words, they bring a parasite which causes a disease of elm trees. The parasite and the disease are spread over Europe.

Since the beginning of the century the Governments of many countries have taken the greatest precautions against the entry of diseases of trees and plants. There was one sad occasion when a sumptuous gift of cherry trees from Japan to the United States had to be refused for this reason.

## FOUR NEW STAMPS A DAY

### New Faces and New States

Something like 1400 new postage stamps were issued last year, over four for every working day. That seems a big number, but there were 1850 the year before.

About 140 of the new issues were for the celebration of some happening of national importance. Thus Italy celebrated the seventh centenary of St. Francis of Assisi in this way, Persia the deposition of the Shah, Spain the air flight from Madrid to Manila, Greece the centenary of independence.

Over 170 issues of stamps were made in aid of charity.

## A MAN OF THE MUTINY

### Story of a Shy Scots Boy Who Landed in Calcutta

### ECHO OF A GREAT EVENT

To most of us the Indian Mutiny seems altogether remote from our times; yet the recent death of Major-General Dalmahoy makes us realise that the Mutiny is not actually ancient history.

It is just seventy years since a thin, shy Scots boy of seventeen landed in Calcutta. He was posted to the 60th Bengal Infantry at Ambala, and was known as Ensign Dalmahoy. One of his first soldiering experiences was a very strange one.

He had to carry the Colours while native soldiers were told to file by, pick up a corner of the flag, and salaam. This strange ceremony was meant as a test. Rumours of the men's mutinous spirit were abroad, and it was thought that if these stories were true the men would refuse to salute the Colours. None did, but some time later, when the regiment was isolated at Rohtak, rebellion broke out.

Luckily Dalmahoy and four other young officers were shooting a mile or two from camp when it began. They had to flee at once, without even daring to go back to their gun bearers. Between the five they only had one revolver and no provisions.

They set off for Delhi, 40 miles distant, and reached it after much suffering, only to find it in the enemy's hands. They had some narrow escapes, but finally fell in with a British force and helped to recapture the rebel city.

After thirty years in India Dalmahoy retired to Edinburgh, and until his death, at 87, devoted himself to working for the families of soldiers and sailors. One of his sons, now a Resident Magistrate in the Transvaal, won the D.S.O. in the Boer War, and another was killed in the Great War. Truly he served Britain long and well.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 22 1927

### Great Things Coming

WINTER is not poor in Nature gifts, once we strike the trail. In one sense winter has an advantage over summer, for it gives not too much. Summer may distract by her abundance.

Winter gives less, but that may be a gain. Observation is easier; things stand out in greater isolation; it is less difficult to see the single fact. To know where to begin in summer is a real difficulty. It is as if we were pacing the corridors of an immense gallery of art, too distracted by the multitude of pictures to see any one of them properly. In the galleries of Nature, as in those of Art, the way of enriching is to begin on some single picture; to start with the concrete fact. For us any single point may be the universe. To know a flower in a crannied wall is to know what God and Man is. Winter, by isolating things, can help us.

In summer the individual bird is lost in the crowd; in winter Robin stands out in splendid isolation. He comes to our doors; he moves unafraid on the lawn. His song is not lost in the chorus.

Robin is an interesting creature to start with. He may well prove our clue to the whole world of natural history. It is all there in him, and more also. There is a wealth of human interest in him; he links us with that vast world of legend and superstition where birds are often sacred and where the most curious explanations are given of natural facts. And there is no end of voyaging once the call is heard.

Or we may start with a twig. Some twigs are already covered with buds. Nature, with her eye on the future, prepared this year's leaves before last year's leaves fell, and in the depth of winter we may watch the leaves unfold. We may even behold the beginning of spring before winter begins in the calendar. In those buds is all the mystery of leaf formation and arrangement; we may see how exquisitely they are arranged so as to secure light without robbing one another.

We can learn something of the tremendous pressure of new life found in a twig; in some cases it is equal to the pressure of steam in a boiler. Growth is a sort of controlled explosion. Instead of shattering the tree life breaks down its wrappings, quietly yet mightily bursting prison bars. There is all the romance of the life of a tree in a bare twig in winter.

On every hand are these doors into the Infinite. Winter need not be without its romance and its enriching. We may find treasure everywhere in the fields. It may be winter in the streets of the town, but in the country it is the spring of hope, and Nature is bidding us look forward. There are great things coming.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London  
above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



### The Stranded Jellyfish

Be kind to little animals wherever they may be,  
And give a stranded jellyfish a shove  
into the sea.

The Boy Scouts G.H.Q. commends this jolly couplet to all Scouts; the C.N. commends it to all hunters (especially in Somerset).

### The Most Useful Person

A RESIDENT of Ross-on-Wye has claimed that his chauffeur is the most useful person to be found in England today. The man is certainly most versatile; he can plough, lay bricks, make furniture, paint and paper a house, fell a tree, row a boat, drive a steam-engine, and mend nearly anything from gramophones to boots.

Yet we know of a more useful person. She is the typical good mother of a working-class family. She is cook, nurse, housemaid, laundress, dress-maker, milliner, tailor, dyer and cleaner, upholsterer, instructor in hygiene, lecturer in moral philosophy, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Justice of the Peace.

### A Banker's Reason Why

A country banker has been writing his ideas on Prohibition for a famous American journal, and we take this story from him because it shows us what lies behind the marvellous experiment America is making in getting rid of the curse that saps the vitality of men and nations.

EVERY one of us probably has his own pet peeve against Drink. Mine concerns one of the loveliest women I ever knew, the mother of my dearest school friend.

Her husband was a young man, gifted, well-to-do, well educated, full of promise. During the early years of their married life she saw his craving for drink vanquish in turn his ambition, his love, his sense of honour.

It was no fault of hers: she was one woman in ten thousand, and all any wife could give of help and inspiration she gave—and he laughed at it. When he died (miserably) she reared alone the children he should have helped her rear, and did it well. They hold today positions of trust.

She won also, the fight, in her own soul, the fight for peace and serenity. No one today, looking at her beautiful, wrinkled face, crowned with its halo of white hair, would ever dream what she has lived through. But in the depths of her gentle heart is one implacable hatred, her hatred against Drink.

### Canst Thou Not Be?

O gift of God! O perfect day:  
Whereon shall no man work, but play;  
Whereon it is enough for me  
Not to be doing, but to be!

O life and love! O happy throng  
Of thoughts, whose only speech is song!  
O heart of man! Canst thou not be  
Blithe as the air is, and as free?

Longfellow

### Across the Table

WE have lately heard of an old employer who has been in business fifty years and has never had a dispute with a workman that he did not settle.

His way was quite simple. When the workman came in to see him the employer, getting up from his chair, would ask the workman to sit in it, while he himself took a seat on the other side of the table. In that way, he declared, he found he could best see the workman's point of view. Perhaps also the workman was affected in the same way.

It does seem a good way of seeing both sides of a question, and we commend the idea to all whom it may concern.

### Tip-Cat

WE understand that many complaints received from straphangers on the Underground are of long standing.

DANIEL LITTLEFIELD, sailor, is retiring from the sea at 99. It seems a pity after so long.

A HUNTSMAN thinks hunting is the best sport in the world. We understand that the fox does not agree.

WE hear that Edison has invented a gramophone record that plays for 40 minutes.



PETER PUCK  
WANTS TO KNOW  
If gunboats shoot  
the rapids

a crime. It looks more like a punishment.

MR. BERNARD SHAW is said to have the greatest mind in the world today. Yet for years he has been giving everybody a piece of it.

THE writer who declares there is no place in our civilisation for the short cut must have forgotten shingling and the Eton crop.

### Cheer Up!

By Peter Puck

It rained in November,  
It froze in December,  
But nothing could quench it, Hope's  
last little ember.

So spite of the snowing  
And drenching and blowing  
Let's guard the small flamelet and still  
keep it glowing.

Is winter for ever?  
Will Spring return never?  
The storms preach despair with their  
utmost endeavour.

But, though the rain soak us,  
Though sleet and fog cloak us,  
We know Spring will come with the  
daffy and crocus,  
With sunshine and cuckoo and daffy  
and crocus.

## Our Admirable Admiral

By Our Country Girl

WHEN the Admiral inherited the manor from his cousin we were by no means ready to like him. For one thing, he was a stranger. Village people do not like strangers.

Then he was an elderly bachelor. We should have liked a family man who brought young life into the place.

His third crime was poverty. A rich squire would have been so useful that we could have gladly forgiven him anything. But before the Admiral could pay death duties on the estate he was obliged to sell one of the family portraits. We were all indignant when we heard that the Romney was going to America. We said that anyone who could sell his own ancestress must be utterly bereft of fine feelings. But an old servant said that the Admiral hardly tasted a crumb of food on the day the picture went away.

### The Story of Barns's Cottage

But now we like him, and if you care to know why you must hear about Barns's cottage.

Barns is dead. The cottage named after the old tenant stands with one or two others on the shores of a creek. Behind it stretches purple heathland; before it lies a sheet of water, half river and half sea.

One day a car came bumping over the cart-track which leads to the creek. It stopped, and some queer-looking people got out. They had come exploring, and were enraptured.

"It's too, too perfect!" cried the lady with a pink handkerchief over her head, earrings like slave bangles, and sandals without stockings. "Did you think there was any place so wonderful in the world? Oh, if one could only have a retreat here, and get away from London every year!"

"Look!" said the gentleman who wore side whiskers, a pale blue jersey, and shorts. "There's an empty cottage."

The others looked. Barns's cottage is thatched and covered with roses, and the brick path is bordered with pinks and sweet williams.

### The Villagers Understand

Mrs. Brown had come out into her garden to see what the noise was about, and they learned from her the rent of the cottage and the name of the landlord. They arranged that she was to keep it aired while they were in town and do their cooking when they came down. Then they set off, talking furniture schemes, to find the Admiral.

They found him, and he struck them as rather uncouth.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I'm afraid I can't let you the cottage."

They hinted that they were prepared to pay a very big rent, but he was firm. "That cottage," he said, "was built for labouring people. There is a housing shortage. It would be wrong to let it to anyone but a field labourer or a fisherman."

The astonished strangers could not understand, but the villagers do, and they love their Admiral.



January 22, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

7

## LIGHT ON A STRANGE STORY

### A QUEER ACCIDENT

Curious Tale from History  
Confirmed the Other Day

### FATHER AND SON AT EDGEHILL

One of the strangest stories of 1642 has just been confirmed by an accident of 1927.

Students of Thomas Fuller's wonderful old book of English Worthies have thought the tale of Sir Gervase Scroop a mere legend, but after 284 years history has repeated itself, and now we know that the ancient chronicle is true.

England was wearing the gold and crimson glories of autumn when Sir Gervase Scroop and his son rode away from their pleasant home to join King Charles's army. The Royalist camp was a mirror to the blue skies and glowing woods with its gallant banners, silken cloaks, and floating plumes. The Cavaliers were full of gaiety, and Sir Gervase thought they would soon celebrate Harvest Thanksgiving and a thanksgiving for victory in their own homes.

### Separated in the Battle

But the sombre-looking Parliamentary army fell upon those glittering ranks like a winter storm that scatters the last leaves and beats down the lingering flowers. On the morning of October 23, 1642, there was fought the Battle of Edgehill. It was a Sunday.

Sir Gervase was separated from his son in the battle, but after it was over, and the boy was retreating with the king's forces, he heard that someone had seen the knight struck down. He had been surrounded by the enemy. That had been about three o'clock in the afternoon, and it was now night, so there was no chance that he had survived. The poor boy could only hope he might be able to find his father's body, but he was not able to get back to the battlefield before Tuesday, and very wretched was the time between. The Royalist army was defeated, homeless, and bereaved. As if summer and Charles Stuart had been defeated together, Monday night was piercingly cold.

### A Wonderful Recovery

On Tuesday evening the poor son found the sad burden he had to bring home to his mother. His father's body was pierced by sixteen wounds and had been stripped naked by thieves. He wrapped his father in his own cloak and carried him to a house near by. As he held that dear hand for what he thought was the last time he felt some warmth in it. A doctor was sent for, and in a few hours Sir Gervase opened his eyes and smiled. Next day he could speak. He recovered completely in a few weeks.

The doctors said that if Sir Gervase had been brought to them on Sunday night no skill or drug could have staunched his wounds. But for the fact that thieves had stripped him naked and he had lain exposed to the frosty air all that time he must have bled to death. Cruelty and cold had saved him.

### Saved by the Frosty Air

Nearly three centuries have gone by. The other day Mr. Henry Cousins of Acton went to see a sick friend at West Drayton, and, returning by a late train, fell asleep in the carriage. Suddenly he started up, realised that he must have passed his station, and, still half asleep, leaned from the window to discover his whereabouts. He overbalanced and fell. The next morning a railway worker found him lying unconscious. He was taken to Hammersmith Infirmary, where he recovered. The doctor said that he would have bled to death but for the frosty air, which congealed the blood round the wound.

Mr. Cousins's accident teaches us two things: not to lean out of carriage windows and not to doubt old Fuller again.

## JAMES BROWN'S LAST TREE

A sad story comes from Dundrum, in Ireland, which superstitious people will remember for a long time.

James Brown, a wood-cutter, had been busy for seven years on a long contract of tree-felling. He was an expert woodman, and many people had watched him at work. As the seasons went by the stumps of thousands of trees marked his passage. Christmas saw him almost at the end of his labours.

In the early New Year he said to himself triumphantly, "Tomorrow I fell my last tree. At last the long contract is finished."

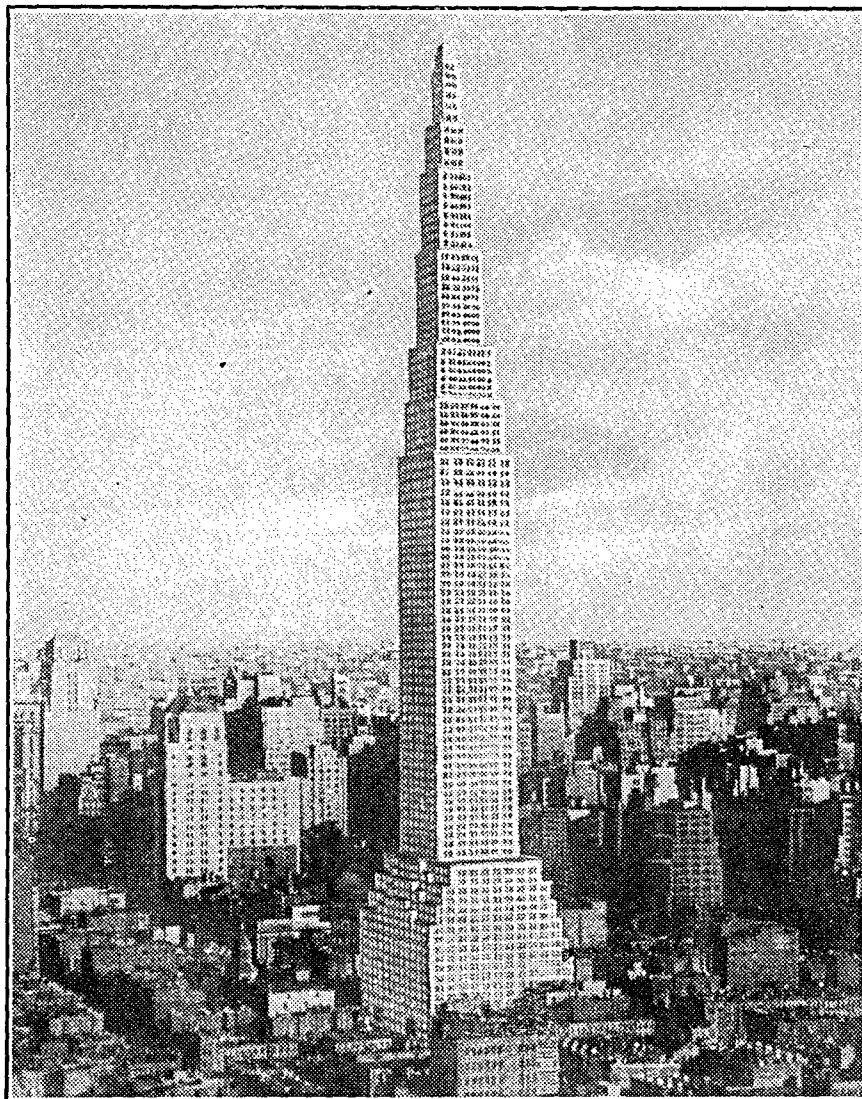
No one who knows anything about felling can watch a tree come down without a qualm. To the ordinary lover of Nature there is always something sad in seeing so much beauty laid low, but the woodman knows the danger.

Having felled so many, James Brown laid his axe merrily to the root of his last tree, and those who were looking on were ready to shout hurrah. The shout never came. The tree crashed suddenly in the wrong direction and fell on the woodman and killed him.

If poor Brown had lived a few centuries earlier no one would have been surprised; they would have said the forest was taking its revenge. And if they had read Greek mythology they would have said a Hamadryad lived in that tree; her life had grown with it and was inseparable from it, and, dying herself, she had killed her murderer.

But in these days of enlightenment superstition and mythology play very little part in our lives, and we can only say that we are sad to hear of the tragic end of good James Brown.

## THE NEW TOWER OF BABEL



This picture shows how the great Larkin Tower, which is to be built in New York, will appear when finished. The other skyscrapers will be quite dwarfed by it. It is to be 1200 feet high, or more than 200 feet higher than the Eiffel Tower, which for 33 years has been the world's tallest structure, and over 400 feet higher than the great Woolworth Building in New York, which is only 792 feet high. See page 8

## FLYING TO THE STONE AGE

IN Africa the Twentieth Century is going to visit by aeroplane the fiftieth century before Christ.

All the invention and resource of the flying-machine and the camera are to be put to the task of surveying fifty thousand square miles of forest and bush in Northern Rhodesia, where a few natives live as men did in the Stone Age, and where lions and elephants roam in the trackless wilds as they did when the stone axe and the flint arrowhead were man's only weapons.

The expedition, which consists of airmen, geologists, photographers, and engineers, under the command of Major Cochran Patrick, will travel by railway as far as Ndola. From there they will trek a hundred miles to the heart of the jungle, where a clearing has been made for them and their machines, and from the clearing the aeroplanes will set out day after day to circle above

forest and jungle, bush and swamp, photographing the region below from a height of two miles.

Other landing-places for the planes will be found and cleared in the forest which has been untouched for so many thousands of years, and it is hoped that in six months the whole area, half as big as England, will be mapped and surveyed. In such thickly-wooded country a land survey of a much less complete kind would take years.

The surveying pilots, though they will do their work as if it were all in the day's business of an aeroplane, are like men riding Time Machines back into the past. They go from the very summit of modern invention backward into the Dark Continent, where one of the earliest of civilisations was set up on the Nile, to regions where the primitive tribes who live there may have never known a wheel!

## YORK MINSTER REMEMBERS

### THE SOLEMN PAST OF A GREAT PLACE

Moving Midnight Scene in the Old City

### THE 13 CENTURIES

The people of York have given us a glorious reminder of the place their Minster holds in our minds and hearts.

It is a reminder which began on New Year's Eve and will last throughout this year, for in 627, says England's first historian, King Edwin of Northumbria was baptised a Christian at York.

Just as York led the way to beautiful and holy events in England, so she has led the way in a festival of remembrance which will be a pattern for English people everywhere. She brought all the pageantry and beauty of the past into the humdrum present. She reminded us that all we have and are is due to the ideals of Jesus.

These ideals were brought actively into England by way of Edwin and Ethelburga, his wife, who persuaded him to be a Christian and witnessed his baptism in a shed that stood where the Minster now flings its pinnacles to the sky.

### The Golden Archbishop

On New Year's Eve the great Minster was packed to the last foot of standing room. Thousands of people were remembering their unworthiness to God and the past. The dean, canons, and choir, in scarlet cassocks, led this act of humility. When it was almost midnight and the choir were chanting De Profundis the dean and canons stole out, came back clothed in festival robes of white silk, and passed down with the choir and the other clergy to the great west door.

In the meantime a superb company had been gathering in a church near by, St. Michael le Belfry. Into the dusky streets came a winding procession, lighted by torches. The Archbishop of York, in cloth of gold, led the way. After him came the scarlet-robed choirboys, singing; then soldiers and trumpeters and officials.

### Trumpets at Midnight

Torch-bearers ranged themselves on both sides of the door, the choir and clergy and town officials stood back in a semi-circle, leaving the golden Archbishop, with his shepherd's crook, standing in the flickering light before the door of God's house. Never in the history of England had the dim hours of midnight lent themselves to the background of a more solemn scene.

Midnight struck, and the trumpets blared. When the last echo had died away the Archbishop cried out in a loud voice: "Lift up your heads; O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in."

Inside the Minster the choir sang out: "Who is the King of Glory?" And the Archbishop said: "The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory."

### The Knocking at the Doors

Then the Archbishop smote on the doors, one knock for each of the thirteen centuries that have passed since the little wooden shed opened its doors to receive the King of England. The doors opened, and trumpets and organ sounded together, a great burst of glorious, joyous sound, so that everyone thrilled to hear it. The echoes shook and rolled round the great pile; the deep organ-pipes set every corner throbbing.

We may be sure that there was not one silent voice, one heart that was not uplifted, at that hour of the dawning of the year of their remembrance. The glad beauty of the joyous scene has shaken itself out in waves of music all over England. We are filled afresh with pride to think that we are the heirs of such a kingdom.



## AN M.P. AND HIS SPEECHES

### Curious Point About Them

#### SHOULD HANSARD BE ALTERED?

Should a Member of Parliament be allowed to alter the report of his speech in Hansard before it is published?

Every day while Parliament is sitting a full report of all that is said there is made by official reporters, and is published next day in a small book, known as Hansard, after its first printer. Every Member of Parliament who makes a speech is given an opportunity of correcting it in proof.

There has lately been some discussion as to how far this correcting should go. It has been said that an eminent statesman, finding that he had said something rather different from what he meant to say, put it right in the proof. Other Members of Parliament say that when they want to do this they are not allowed to do so. Should they be allowed? The C.N. thinks not.

The opportunity to alter the proofs is given in order that any mistakes made by the reporter should be corrected, not mistakes made by the speakers; these should be corrected, if important enough, by an explanation in the House itself, when a note of it will be made by the reporters. Hansard should remain a record of what Members *did* say, not of what they afterwards wish they had said.

## TOMMY TUCKERS

### A Little Visit to Germany

Out in Germany a party of young Britishers have lately won, not a battle, but something better, several German hearts.

The excellent headmaster of Castleford secondary school took a party of boys to Hamburg, Lübeck, and Kiel. They studied the sights of these towns, and tried to learn all they could about German customs and beliefs, but this was not all. They wanted German schoolboys to learn something about England, too, so they gave performances of Shakespeare plays and concerts of English music. These things delighted the Germans, and the headmaster afterward learned that small Teutons went about the streets singing English sea shanties for days.

It is probable that this enterprising teacher will take his party to Belgium later. There, too, they will try to learn all they can, and in exchange for foreign hospitality will give concerts. Though they will not be singing for their supper, they will be singing for their welcome. We wish these Tommy Tuckers many trips as happy and successful as this to Germany.

## A LITTLE MORE OFF THE WAR BILL

### Portugal Pays Something

One more of our Allies is to settle her war debt with us, and so make her contribution to the debt we are paying America for money which was borrowed on their behalf.

This is Portugal. Portugal owes us a little under 24 millions. If she pays us five and a half millions before December 31 the debt is to be cancelled. Otherwise she is to pay 62 annual amounts, rising from £125,000 this year to £400,000 in later years. It will not make a great deal of difference to our 800 million pounds debt to America, but every little helps.

Two other Allies have still to settle: Greece, owing us 21 millions; and Yugoslavia, owing us 31 millions. It is satisfactory to know that both countries have the matter under consideration. Greece has actually made an offer.

## MAGIC MUSIC

### A Voice in a Box

#### THE ELECTRICAL GRAMOPHONE WONDER

Electricity has been at last applied successfully to the gramophone, with marvellous results.

The new instrument has just made its appearance in America, and it must be heard to be believed. Applied to ordinary gramophone records it produces such lifelike sounds that one seems to hear human beings singing inside a box. This new device is called the panatrope, and it is now being manufactured in England.

In size it is little bigger than an ordinary gramophone, and it has the familiar turn-table and what appears to be the familiar sound-box and tone-arm. In fact, however, the method of reproduction is entirely different from that used in gramophones.

#### The Magnetic Detector

In place of the sound-box is a small case containing a sensitive magnetic detector. The gramophone needle is inserted in the end of a steel armature, and the armature, vibrating, sets up varying currents in a coil. These currents are conveyed by wire through a 3-valve amplifier to a loud-speaker.

So the sound production, which in a gramophone is purely mechanical, is in the panatrope purely electrical. The instrument is actuated by plugging into the domestic electric system.

By this new method ordinary gramophone records yield unsuspected treasures of sound, subtly detected by the magnet. So human is the reproduction of the voice that one seems to hear the very breathing of the singer.

The instrument can also be joined up to an ordinary wireless set for use as an amplifier and loud-speaker. The loud-speaker used is a remarkable invention in itself, by far the most wonderful that has yet been devised.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Blackberries were gathered at Barmouth on New Year's Day.

"A cheery disposition" was the description given in favour of a new medical officer at a workhouse.

A covey of partridges have made their home on Croydon Aerodrome, and are not in the least troubled by the air liners.

#### Beating the Donkey

On being offered a donkey to ride on Mr. George Cant, a Leicestershire man of 102, declined the gift, saying "I can walk quicker."

#### Bo-Peep and Her Sheep

Four sheep appearing in a pantomime at Llandudno disappeared before the curtain rose, but Bo-Peep found them asleep in her dressing-room.

#### A Man and 500 Ships

Andrew Robertson, an old shipwright who has just died at 90, was employed by one Tyne company for sixty years, and helped to launch nearly 500 ships.

#### Shipowners' Ingratitude

During May, June, July, and August lifeboats gave assistance to 60 vessels, and in only two cases did the owners show their gratitude by sending a donation to the Lifeboat Fund.

#### Five Admirals in a Family

Admiral C. E. Buckle, who has served his country at sea for 50 years and won a medal for risking his life to save a sailor, is the fifth member of his family to be made an admiral.

#### Your Old C.N.

An appeal for old copies of the C.N. comes from the Birmingham Society for the Care of Invalid Children. The address of a child will be sent to any reader by Mr. Frank Matthews, 47, Maple Road, Bournville.

## HOME SECRETARY AND THE LAW

### Why Not Keep It?

When is the Home Secretary going to stop the nuisance of smoky traction-engines and steam-lorries?

Members of both Houses of Parliament have been asking about it for years.

It is disgusting to have smoke and sparks and grit puffed into our faces, and it is very dangerous, especially in misty weather, for smoke to blacken the air so that neither drivers nor pedestrians can see where they are going or what is coming toward them.

The Home Secretary is rightly keen to punish Communists who disobey the law, but there are other law-breakers, whom the Home Secretary seems content to leave alone. He promised a year ago to dispose of the motor-cyclist nuisance and to stop the shrieking of his open-exhaust as he rushes through the street, shattering our nerves, but the nuisance goes on every day before the eyes of every policeman.

## AUSTRALIA AND BACK WITHIN A MONTH?

### The Great Progress of Flying

A lecturer at the Royal Colonial Institute the other day told some remarkable facts about the big strides flying has been making.

Most of us will be surprised to learn that in one year alone aeroplanes have carried overseas from Britain £11,000,000 worth of bullion; they have also had loads such as motor-cycles in crates. The mileage flown has risen from a million miles in 1919 to a total of no less than twelve million miles in 1926.

The lecturer, Major Villiers, prophesied that in a few years giant air liners will be flying to Australia in eleven days, and that it will take only two and a half days to get to Ottawa.

## THREE TIMES AS HIGH AS ST. PAUL'S

### New York's Next Skyscraper

New York's highest building today has 54 storeys; now the city is to have one of 110 storeys.

The new building, to be called the Larkin Tower, will cover 50,000 square feet, will provide office room for 30,000 people, and will be 1200 feet high. That is three times as high as St. Paul's and seven times as high as the Nelson Column.

There will be sixty lifts, and two of them will shoot up to the 82nd storey without stopping. The foundations will be in rock, 48 feet below the level of the street.

Picture on page 7

## LADY GODIVA'S VILLAGE

Everybody knows the tale of Lady Godiva and her cruel husband, Earl Leofric, and it is interesting to hear that the ownership of the village where she lived is changing hands.

The village is King's Bromley, midway between Rugeley and Lichfield. The property to be sold includes, besides a fine Georgian manor house, 13 farms, a smithy, a village inn, and 27 houses.

The most famous member of the Lane family, which owns the village, was the Royalist Colonel Lane, whose daughter disguised herself as a peasant girl and took Prince Charles across country to Southampton after the disastrous Battle of Worcester, so that he might take ship for France. It was at the peril of her own life and the lives of her family that she did so, but it is not recorded that when Charles came to the throne he remembered the Lane family generously. That was not the way of the Stuarts.

## A MIRACLE AT WEST HAM

### What Three Men Have Done

#### TWOPENCE OFF THE RATES AND A BETTER CHANCE FOR TRADE

Something like a miracle has been worked by three men in West Ham.

They are the three Poor Law Guardians whom the Government sent to take the place of the elected Guardians, who had brought the town to the brink of ruin by their extravagance.

When the new men, headed by Sir Alfred Woodgate, took over the work of poor relief they found that the old Board had been borrowing at the rate of £700,000 a year. By the end of three months the borrowing had ceased, and the call on the ratepayers had been reduced by an amount equal to twopence in the pound on the half year.

#### High Rates and Unemployment

The miracle had not been worked by magic, but merely by common sense, care, and industry. An examination into the cases of those receiving relief showed that one person in every four did not need relief at all, and it was found that the rest could be given the relief they required for little more than half of what had been spent before.

With winter coming on, and with ten thousand able-bodied men and women receiving relief instead of work and wages, the new Guardians had to consider whether there was anything they could do to provide more employment. They were told that one of the great causes of unemployment was the heavy rates, so they reduced the rates. Large employers of labour who pay 25 per cent of the rates without having a vote in spending them have been shown by this action that the rates are on the downward path at last, and so have been encouraged to consider possible extensions of business. If that happens the rates can be reduced still further.

## TWO COUNTRIES COUNT THEIR PEOPLES

### Population of France and Russia

Russia and France have just taken a census of their populations.

The census in Russia, the first since the revolution, gives a total of 145 million people. The last figures published by the old Government, in 1915, gave a total of 182 millions, of which 132 millions were in European Russia and the rest in Asia. It has to be remembered, however, that the old Russian Empire covered 8,400,000 square miles, whereas Bolshevik Russia claims only seven million square miles.

France shows a population of just over 40 millions, of whom nearly two and a half millions are foreigners. This is an increase since the last census, five years ago, of a million and a half, but only half a million of these are French.

Frenchmen will be thankful that there should be any increase in their numbers at all considering the low birth-rate; but an increase of foreigners from one and a half to two and a half millions is a remarkable fact.

## LEASE FOR 10,000 YEARS

### A Long Run for Two Houses

Two houses in the City of London have just been sold on a lease of ten thousand years.

They are in Bury Street, St. Mary Axe, and the purchaser is to pay £200 a year. The payers and the payees of this money will change quite a number of times while the lease is running, and the houses on the site will change a few times too unless in the meantime the secret of perpetual life for houses is discovered by somebody.



## WHAT IS THE POOR CRAFTSMAN TO DO?

### The Change Coming Over the Country

#### A SPLENDID WORK BEING DONE

The coming of the motor-car has made sad havoc with the work of the village craftsman, both because it displaces the horse and its needs, and because it brings in the rival services of the towns.

The Rural Industries Bureau seeks to help the village craftsman to meet this change by finding new ways of making himself of value to his neighbours. With the help of the Board of Agriculture and demonstration vans blacksmiths have been convinced that there are other things to be made at their forges besides horseshoes.

By buying simple machine tools and power-plant they have been enabled to undertake repairs to agricultural machinery and ironwork generally. One firm of manufacturers alone has been able to sell welding plant to over a thousand blacksmiths. There has been a boom in handwrought ironwork, and the Bureau has prepared thirty designs for useful wrought-iron articles.

#### A Difficult Case

The case of the saddler is more difficult; so difficult that he is fast disappearing. In 1901 there were 30,000 saddlers in England and Wales; in 1911 there were 24,000; in 1921 only 12,300.

The Bureau asks why saddlers should not supply motorists and cyclists with such things as lamps, rugs, cushions, and even tyres. It also suggests some possible side-lines, such as small hold-ings, boot-repairing, dealing in hides and sacks, and breeding rabbits for their fur. Wheelwrights, too, should do woodwork for farms and households.

The Bureau's register of country craftsmen, started in 1924, now contains the names of over 400 individual workers or industries, representing about a thousand full-time and 500 part-time workers. They include ironworkers, leather-workers, hand-weavers, basket-makers, wood-workers, toy-makers, potters, metal-workers, needleworkers, bookbinders, decorators, and carvers; and an increasing number of shops and individual buyers are asking to be put in touch with them.

## THE LITTLE RED CROSS

### A Society for All Children

The C.N. wants to suggest that a wider use might be made of the junior section of the Red Cross.

Everybody knows the splendid work done by the Red Cross for suffering humanity, but the Junior Section aims at the prevention of suffering by giving its members instruction in health habits from their earliest days. It is starting where it is right that everything should begin—at the beginning.

Five years old is the downward limit of membership. Seven elementary health rules are taught, but personal benefit is not all. "Serve one another" is the Society's motto, and members are encouraged into helpfulness toward the sick and suffering.

The Little Red Cross is established in 36 centres and already has seven million members in all parts of the world.

It would be well if there were a Link in every school. What a Link is can be learned at the headquarters from the Director, 19, Berkeley Street, London, W.1.

## ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN ART

### Gustave Doré

On January 23, 1883, died Gustave Doré.

Paul Gustave Doré, though a French painter, had far more friends in England than in France.

He was born at Strasbourg in 1833, the son of a mining engineer, and his early years were passed either in the shadow of the cathedral or among the blue Alsatian Mountains.

Gustave could draw long before he could read. His father wanted him to be an engineer, and in order to turn his mind from his pencils surrounded him with toys. Gustave merely sketched them. His father bought him a violin. Gustave suddenly discovered he had another gift, and now the father had both artist and musician to cope with.

Nothing could be done. The boy was at heart a dreamer, and he asked nothing on Earth but to be allowed to paint the things he saw and dreamed of. He went to college, and behaved very badly. But after college he took up his chosen work, in spite of all opposition, and was known practically all over the world before he was twenty-five.

#### His First Pictures

Gustave settled down in Paris to an extreme simplicity of life and incessant labour. He toiled at designs and wood blocks, and painted huge pictures which he hoped would be hung in the Salon. For an immediate income he worked for illustrated papers and magazines. His first great production, an illustrated edition of some stories by Rabelais, appeared in 1854. The next year his first picture, the Battle of Alma, was hung in the Salon. After it came Bala-klava, an immense canvas filled with struggling, fighting figures and the scenes of suffering for which this artist had such a queer liking. He painted many pictures. The best is now considered Paolo and Francesca da Rimini.

In 1861 appeared Doré's illustrations for Dante's *Inferno*, which represent a toil and self-denial we can scarcely conceive. He had set aside the earnings from numberless drawings for periodicals in order to have the time to do the pictures for the *Inferno*. Afterwards came, one each year, Don Quixote, the Bible, Milton, Montaigne, La Fontaine, Tennyson, and others. He was illustrating Shakespeare when he died.

#### The London of Dickens

The illustrations done by this artist cover great epochs, and are in themselves most fascinating story-books. To his sore grief France never really recognised him as an artist. He had a much greater appreciation in London, where his first exhibition was opened in 1868. Doré was greatly interested in London, and made endless drawings of the life in the capital. In return, Londoners opened the Doré Gallery, in Bond Street, in his honour. It took this foreigner to give London to the world, her light and shade, river life and shore life, rich and poor. He saw London as Dickens saw it, full of little intimate scenes.

Doré also did some sculpture, but his statues and his pictures alike give way to his genius as an illustrator.

## MOVING GLACIERS

### Their Enormous Growth

As is well known, some of the Swiss glaciers are dwindling and retreating; but recent investigations show that the glaciers of Savoy are advancing and growing in volume. Measurements prove that every year they have been lengthening, some 70 and some 150 feet, and have been gaining from 15 to 250 million cubic feet in bulk.

A glacier has been found to advance in a peculiar fashion, first one side, then the other side, then the centre.

## THE MUSSOLINI WAY

### Islands for Those Who Do Not Like It

The Fascist Reign of Terror was started by the murder of the Socialist leader Matteotti; now another Socialist leader, Signor Turati, has made his escape from Italy.

Signor Turati would probably not have been murdered if he had stayed, for Matteotti's murder made much trouble, and other ways have now been found of silencing critics. It has been announced that 432 persons not approved of by the authorities have been sent into what is called forced residence. That is to say, they have been ordered to go to a place chosen by the police and to stay there. The places generally chosen for them are small islands between Sicily and Malta.

Not long ago Signor Turati was ordered abroad for his health, and applied for a passport to go. The result was that he was not merely refused a passport, but was put under police observation to see that he did not go. Night and day there were police at his door—not the door of the building but the door of his flat, so that it was impossible for him to go out or communicate with his friends. The next step was sure to be forced residence on an island.

So somehow, with the help of his friends, Signor Turati managed to get to the shore, and there he embarked on a motor-launch and sailed away to Corsica, and thence to France. Both Turati and Mussolini are former editors of the Socialist paper *Avanti*.

## THE PITMAN AND HIS TREASURES

### A Collection in Need of a Home

Kensington College offers to any worthy geological museum a little collection of fossils which carry with them, not only stories of the ageless past, but a charming story of today and yesterday.

They were collected by an old Cumberland pitman who loved the earth and the foundations of the hills because he was part of them and they of him, and who had taught himself all that he could learn of them.

To the pitman the fossils were the companions of his thoughts; he collected them as some people collect friends. They taught him all he knew.

He was not ungrateful. The more he learned the wiser he grew in the ways of fossils, and some he sought and found were precious because they conveyed new knowledge to the science of geology.

It is sometimes called the youngest of the sciences, but one of the remarkable things about it is that some of its greatest discoveries have been made by quiet, thoughtful men like this old pitman, who have given the leisure of their working days, not to upsetting the world, but to trying humbly to learn some of its secrets.

## THE LAST PRIVATE HOUSE IN WHITEHALL

Whitehall needs a new telephone exchange, and the only suitable site is occupied by Harrington House, described as the last private house still standing in Whitehall, a fine old Queen Anne mansion in a secluded court behind the famous thoroughfare.

So far as most of us are concerned Harrington House has been doomed to bluish unseen for many a long day, but we shall all be glad if the Government can preserve the beautiful and historic façade. It is sad to see a beautiful thing pulled down, even when it is hidden, as in this case, by the mass of ugly buildings which are not the proudest of Whitehall's possessions.

## WHERE TO FIND THE RINGED PLANET

### SATURN IN THE MORNING SKY

#### Green Flashes from a Red-Tinted Star

### EXTREMES IN SIZE AND DISTANCE

By the C.N. Astronomer

Next Friday and Saturday mornings, January 28 and 29, the ringed planet Saturn may be easily identified with the aid of the crescent Moon, which will be in close proximity.

Friday morning will be best, if it is fine, for then the Moon will be only six or seven times her own apparent width away to the right of, and above, Saturn. They will be found in the south-east before sunrise from about 5 till 7 o'clock, after which, owing to the dawn, Saturn will be more difficult to see.

By Saturday morning the Moon will have passed above Saturn and will be much farther to the left of and below him, about 15 or 16 times her own width away and nearer to the south-east horizon. Below Saturn, at about the same distance away as the Moon,



This map shows the positions of the Moon, though the size is not in proportion

the first-magnitude star Antares will be seen. This is one of the largest stars in the heavens, and with Saturn and the Moon will form a striking triangle above the rising dawn.

Saturn is now the only planet in the morning sky, and owing to his present great distance, about 900 million miles, he is not so bright as he will appear next May, when he will be at his brightest and but 834 million miles away. At present the Earth is approaching Saturn very rapidly, at one and a half million miles a day.

In the Moon, Saturn, and Antares we have an interesting example of extremes in both size and distance; the Moon, apparently the largest, with a diameter of but 2160 miles; while Saturn, with an equatorial width of 75,100 miles, has a globe large enough to contain 38,000 moons the size of ours; and Antares, apparently the smallest, has the immense diameter of about 250 million miles and a circumference that would extend all the way to Saturn when at his nearest to us.

#### Distance of Antares

Antares appears the smallest of these three luminaries because of its immense distance. A clear conception of this is best expressed by the speed of light, which takes 1½ seconds from the Moon, at present about 77 minutes from Saturn and 192 years from Antares.

The reddish tint of this giant sun will be quite obvious, but occasionally a green flash mingles with it which comes from its greenish companion star, a smaller but much hotter sun. Other stellar gems of the constellation of Scorpio will be easily seen until about 5.30 a.m. These are indicated on the star map, the bright second-magnitude Beta being just below the Moon on Friday morning.

This wonder star is actually composed of three suns, whose light has taken about 360 years to reach us; it must be a solar system with suns of enormous magnitude for them to appear so bright at this tremendous distance. —G. F. M.

**Other Worlds.** In the morning Saturn south-east. In the evening Venus and Jupiter in the south-west, Mars south.



# S.O.S.

CHAPTER 47  
Picture Language

How long they would have stood there like so many statues it is hard to say. It was the fish that saved the situation, for it suddenly began to flop violently and roll back down the slope toward the water. This was too much for Jim, who dropped his rod and flung himself on the creature. Grasping it in both hands, he walked straight up to the middle Indian, who was wearing a headdress of scarlet feathers, and offered it to him.

"For you," he said with a friendly smile.

To his great relief the man took the gift, looked at it a moment, then handed it to another man, who had no red feathers on his head.

"Seems like you've done the right thing, Jim," said Sam. "What about giving old Feathers a hook or two?"

As he spoke he took a couple of hooks from the tin box in which he carried them and presented them to the chief. This time the chief was really interested. He tried the point of a hook on his thumb, and grunted approval at its sharpness. Then he pointed to Jim's rod, and Jim, quickly taking off the hook, reeled up the line, then took the rod to pieces.

"He likes that," said Sam with a grin.

"But he wants the rod, and I can't spare it," said Jim. "What am I to do, Sam?"

"I don't know," Sam answered. "We can't talk their lingo. If we could I'd swap the rod for a canoe."

"That's a scheme!" exclaimed Jim. "Wait a jiffy! I'll try to show him." He pulled out his pocket-book and pencil and began to draw. Jim was quite a dab with his pencil, and as a canoe appeared on the sheet the chief Indian grunted vigorously.

"He knows what it's meant for, anyhow," said Sam. "Now draw the rod, Jim."

Jim drew the rod on another sheet, then tore out both sheets and made a sign of exchanging them.

"He's got it," said Sam, as Feathers grunted again and said something quickly in his own language. Then he pointed upstream, and made signs that the boys should go with him.

"Wants us to go to his camp, I expect," said Sam. "What about it, Jim? Bit risky, isn't it?"

"I don't think we've got any choice," Jim answered quietly. "Luckily we have our pistols if it comes to a scrap."

Sam shrugged, and Feathers and his men led the way up the valley. They went in single file, keeping to a narrow trail which ran in and out among the bush. Feathers walked first, the boys next, then the rest of the Indians.

"What's he looking for?" Sam asked Jim. "He keeps his eyes on the ground all the time."

"Snakes," replied Jim. "I've seen two already. They're thick in this sort of stuff. Nasty little greenish beasts and horribly poisonous. I think they're called jaracaras."

Sam shivered slightly. "I hate the brutes; they give me the creeps." He paused and sniffed. "Jim, I smell smoke," he said.

"That's the village, then," Jim told him. "Yes; I can see a fire through the trees."

Next minute they came out into an open space where some goats were feeding and saw about a score of beehive-shaped huts. The ground was open right down to the river, and pulled up on the bank were half a dozen canoes of different sizes. They were not like the light birch-bark canoes used by the North-American Indians, but solid-looking craft, each hollowed out of a single large log.

"One of those would do us fine," said Sam, looking longingly at the boats.

## The Wireless Mystery

By T. C. Bridges

Feathers led the way to the biggest hut, outside which the fire was burning. Some women who were cooking bolted into the huts at sight of the white folk, and Jim began to feel rather uneasy, for he knew this was a bad sign. But instead of showing any alarm he strolled quietly up to the fire and sat down on a log close by it, where the smoke kept off the mosquitoes.

The chief followed and put out his hand for the rod, but Jim shook his head and pointed to the canoes. The chief scowled and said something angrily.

"Don't seem as if he means to keep his bargain," said Sam. "What's the next move, Jim?"

"I wish I knew," replied Jim. "We won't start any trouble unless we have to, but I'll allow that things look ugly."

The boys were so cool that the chief hesitated.

Jim began to whistle. He whistled very well, and the first notes brought the women's heads peeping out of the huts, while the men were equally interested. But the chief looked more angry than ever, and spoke sharply to his men, who began to surround the boys.

Jim, holding the rod in his left hand, slipped his right into his jacket pocket.

"I shan't shoot unless I have to," he said to Sam, "but be ready if they start anything."

"I'm ready," replied Sam quietly.

The chief went to the door of one of the huts and motioned the boys to enter.

"Do we go, Jim?" asked Sam.

"I think so," Jim answered. As he spoke he got up quietly and walked slowly into the hut.

### CHAPTER 48

#### The Scream in the Night

SAM frowned. "The others will be wondering what has come to us," he said.

Two hours had passed since he and Jim had been shut up in the hut, and it had long been dark.

"Just what I was thinking, Sam," replied Jim, "and it bothers me. If they trail us they may run right into this outfit, and get nabbed before they know what's up."

"I shouldn't worry," said Sam. "Zambo knows the ropes, and I don't suppose he'll let Greg and the Professor run into trouble."

"I only hope you're right," Jim answered earnestly. "I say, that screen of branches they've stuck across the opening isn't much. We could easily get through it."

"Yes, but there are two chaps on guard outside," Sam answered. "They came on just after dark."

"Then it's no use trying to get out," said Jim ruefully.

"Not while they're there. I vote we get a bit of sleep, Jim."

"Good notion," agreed Jim. "I don't suppose old Feathers will try any jokes before daylight, so good-night, old chap!"

Once he let himself go Jim went right off to sleep, but it seemed to him that his eyes had hardly closed before he found himself sitting bolt upright, listening to the most appalling noise he had ever heard in his life. It was a sort of long-drawn-out wailing scream, so horrible that he felt his skin prickle and the hair rise on his scalp.

The sound stopped, then came again, closer, worse than before. Sam pulled himself together. "It's not the Indians," he said. "Listen! they're coming out. It's a beast of some sort. Is it a panther?"

"I believe you're right. Yes; it's after those goats, I expect." Jim jumped up and peered through a little opening in the wall of the hut. "The men are going to tackle it. There's just light enough to see them," he said rapidly. "Sam, this is our chance. The guards have gone. Let's break out!"

"And get a boat?" said Sam eagerly.

"Yes; come on!"

The door was nothing but twisted branches, and they ripped

it down in no time. There was no Moon, but the red embers of the dying fire gave out a dull glow.

"Steady a moment!" whispered Jim.

"It's all right," Sam answered impatiently. "There's no one in sight. Let's go."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when a fearful racket broke out behind the hut. First a deep, thunderous snarl, then a terrified bleat, followed by a thud and a tremendous scuffling. On top of this came loud shouts, a flash of torches, then roar after roar. The boys waited no longer, but ran like hares for the river.

"This one will do," said Sam, pointing to one of the largest boats. "Push her in!"

"There are no paddles," Jim answered.

"I'll find some," said Sam, but when a minute later he came back to Jim he was in despair. "There's not a paddle left! They must have taken them all up to the huts. We're done for, Jim! We can't go without paddles."

"Yes, we can. The current will take us down. Shove the boat into the water and let's get off."

Between them they pushed the dugout across the shingle. Just as they got her into the water Jim stumbled over something. "A pole!" he said, grabbing it joyfully. "Now we're all right. We can punt her along."

A minute more and the boat was afloat. They jumped in. Sam took the pole, gave a big shove, and they were off. Luckily the water was shallow and the pole, which was about six feet long, reached the bottom, and the stars reflected on the water gave light enough to see the banks. Sam drove the boat along with all his might, and presently they were round a curve and out of sight of the fire.

Jim drew a long breath.

"We've done it, Sam! We're all right now." And as he spoke the dugout bumped into something with such force that Sam was knocked right overboard. There was a splash which doused Jim with spray, and to his horror he saw the scaly tail of a great alligator disappearing beneath the surface.

### CHAPTER 49

#### Drifting

JIM'S first thought was for Sam, but even as he turned to help him he saw the head of the alligator rising, and realised that the brute was attacking. The reek of musk nearly poisoned him. Glancing quickly round, he saw that Sam had got hold of the stern and was hanging on. There was only one thing to do, and, pulling out his pistol, Jim waited until the great brute's open jaws were within a

yard of the boat, then pulled the trigger. The pistol was an automatic, the sort that goes on firing as long as the finger presses the trigger. Though the bullets were small the range was so short that every bullet drove deep into the hideous creature's throat. The great jaws clanged together with a sound like the clash of a steel trap, and their owner rolled over, lashing the surface into foam. The moment Jim saw that the alligator was stopped he sprang to help Sam, and, though the boat was rocking violently, managed to haul him in.

"I've lost the pole," were Sam's first words.

"Never mind the pole so long as you're safe," said Jim.

"We're done without it," said Sam sharply. "That firing has told the Indians we're away, and they'll be after us in two twos."

"Let's find the pole, then. It must be floating."

"I don't believe it will float. It was heavy as iron."

"Then I'd better load up again," said Jim drily, and began thrusting cartridges into the magazine of his pistol. "Is yours all right, Sam?"

"Yes. Mine's full. I say, Jim, you scuppered that alligator proper."

"Couldn't miss at that range," said Jim. "But never mind the alligator. What had we best do?"

"Can't do much except drift," said Sam. "The stream's taking us down at a fair rate."

"We could paddle with our hands," said Jim, "and get ashore."

"And lose the boat. Not after all the trouble we've had to get her. We'll take our chances, Jim. Maybe that panther will keep 'em busy for a bit."

"Right you are," said Jim quietly. "Then the less noise we make the better."

Sam nodded, and they drifted on silently through the hot darkness. It was very still except for the bleating of tree frogs on the banks and an occasional heavy splash as some monstrous fish broke the surface. Mosquitoes hummed around the boys and bit like red-hot needles, but they hardly noticed them so keenly were they listening for the sound of their pursuers' paddles. Jim, too, was watching the right-hand bank, looking for the open space where he had caught his big fish, for it was only by recognising that that he would be able to find his way back to the camp.

The minutes dragged by and still Jim could not see the shingle beach, and he began to wonder if they had passed it.

Suddenly Sam stirred. "They're coming, Jim," he said in a low voice. "Do you hear the paddles?"

Jim listened hard, and presently caught a faint splashing in the distance.

"Yes, I hear," he answered. "They're after us all right, Sam, and our only chance is to hide."

"How?"

"Paddle with our hands. Get in under the branches of that big tree there. If we can reach it before they round the bend they'll never see us."

"May as well try it," grunted Sam, "but I'm a bit shy of sticking my hands in the water after seeing those scissor-jawed fish the other day."

"They won't touch us unless there's blood about," Jim told him, and, leaning over the bow, began paddling with both hands.

Sam did the same, and the boat turned and moved toward the tree. But it moved dreadfully slowly, and every moment the sound of the Indians' paddles grew louder. Then, just as the boys were almost within a boat's length of the big, spreading tree, the bow of the dugout ran into a thick tangle of water-weeds and stuck fast. They worked frantically, but it was no use. She was firmly fixed in a tangle of stuff which was almost as tough as wire, and, do what they would, they could not move her enough to gain the shelter of the great tree, nor by stretching could they reach the branches and so pull themselves in.

TO BE CONTINUED

### Who Was He?

#### A Brilliant General

A BOY of fifteen left St. Paul's School 261 years ago to be a page to Prince James, brother of the King of England. The lad was destined to shine in Court life for nearly 50 years, and to become the most brilliant general in Europe.

He was only seventeen when he went abroad as an officer of the Guards, and when he was 22 he was serving as a captain under the great French marshal Turenne, a master of war, who at once foresaw his distinction.

When he returned from the war, a colonel, he married a young girl of eighteen, an attendant on the Prince's daughter Anne. Soon after James succeeded his brother Charles as king, and the man who as a boy had been his page was made a peer.

When James planned to re-introduce Roman Catholicism as the national religion his former pageboy sided with those who invited William, Prince of Orange, to come and reign, and with the army he welcomed William's arrival.

William acknowledged his help by making him an earl, but he never fully trusted him. He employed him abroad with the army; but, suspecting him of plotting with the late King James, his former master, then in France, he suddenly committed him to the Tower. Nothing, however, was proved against him, and he was released and taken back into favour.

When King William died and Princess Anne, daughter of the exiled King James, became queen the fortunes of the former pageboy and his wife, the new queen's favourite attendant, made a great leap. He became the British commander-in-chief, and his wife became the power behind the throne as the queen's masterful friend.

Now a ten-year war with France began, the English, the Dutch, and the Austrians being allies. At once the genius of the English commander was displayed, in spite of the difficulty of commanding armies from other lands. A series of brilliant victories would have ended the war if our allies had followed them up as the commander desired.

The name of the general resounded through Europe. There are students of war who think he was the most brilliant general England ever had. His rewards were dazzling. He was made a duke. A great palace was built for him by the nation, and he was generously enriched.

But his career closed far less brightly. His wife quarrelled with the queen and was dismissed from the Court. Only the shadow of his power remained. His health failed and he died, leaving his wife a fierce defender of his memory. His father's name was Winston Churchill. Who was he?



### Topsy-Turvy Tiger Tim



### Real Working Toy FREE

Every copy of this week's RAINBOW—the jolly coloured picture and story paper—contains this splendid novelty. The toy is worked by a secret spring, which, when wound up, will cause Tiger Tim to stand on his head and turn head over heels again and again. Remember, no charge is made for the toy—it is GIVEN AWAY with

THE RAINBOW  
Every Monday 2d.  
Buy a Copy TODAY!





# The Happy Hours Glide Quickly By



## THE BRAN TUB

### A Charade

A RIVER in England my first,  
A measure of land is my third,  
My second is nought but a vowel,  
And my whole is a medical herb.

Answer next week

### The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Peregrine Falcon

The Peregrine Falcon is so named from the migratory habits of the younger birds, which are usually seen in England in the autumn, though occasionally the old birds make their appearance in the spring on their northward journey. The Peregrine nearly always makes its nest on some lofty cliff, and obtains its food by killing other birds. In slightly differing forms it is found in most parts of the world.

### Ici On Parle Français



Un escalier Le hibou Une écurie

Un escalier se compose de marches  
Le hibou ne sort pas avant la nuit  
Les chevaux se reposent à l'écurie

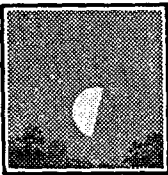
### A Puzzle in Rhyme

My first is in lantern and also in light,  
My second's in daytime but not in night,  
My third is in balance and also in scale,  
My fourth is in letter but not in mail,  
My fifth is in steeple and also in spire,  
My sixth is in marshy but not in mire,  
My seventh's in college and also in school,  
My eighth is in cotton but not in wool,  
My ninth is in cabbage and also in bean,  
With my whole you are heard without being seen.

Answer next week

### Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE great tit and the missel thrush begin to sing. Starlings resort to buildings. The snow bunting and the linnets gather in flocks. Rooks resort to their nesting trees. The house sparrow is heard chirping. Lambs are born. A few butterflies are seen on sunny days. Black hellebore, snowdrop, white dead-nettle, creeping crowfoot, and dandelion are found blooming.



Looking South  
8 a.m., Jan. 26

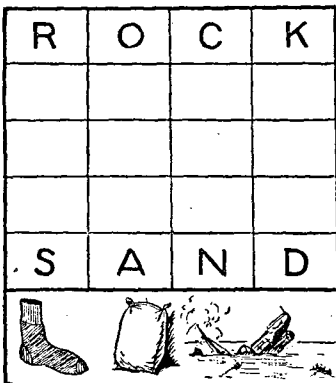
### How to Cross the Road

IN certain streets of London and other big cities the traffic now runs in one direction only, and it is necessary to take greater care than usual in crossing these roads.

The safest way is to cross at an angle that allows one to face the oncoming traffic all the way over. If possible select a place where there is an island refuge in the road.

In a busy street where the traffic runs both ways the same plan should be followed by changing direction when half-way across. Walk toward the right as far as the middle of the road, and then turn left.

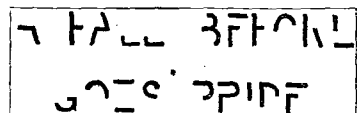
### Changeling



Change the word Rock into Sand with only three intervening links, altering one letter at a time, and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you.

Answer next week

### The Broken Proverb



HERE are two lines of broken type. When the missing portions of the letters have been filled in they will make a proverb. The letters of each word are in correct order, but the words are jumbled.

Answer next week

## Jacko Loops the Loop

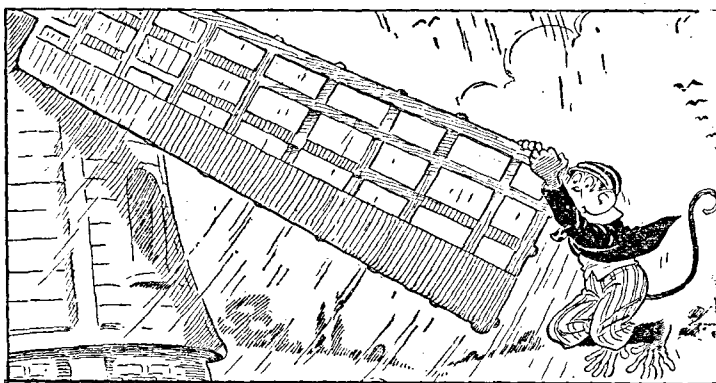
MRS. JACKO was in a great way when Mrs. Chimp didn't turn up one morning. The old lady used to come in every day to help with the work, and she had never failed Mrs. Jacko before.

"She must be ill!" exclaimed Mrs. Jacko. "I'm quite sure she wouldn't stay away except for something serious." And she put on her coat and hurried along to Mrs. Chimp's cottage.

The old lady *was* ill, though fortunately it wasn't anything very serious. But she certainly wanted looking after.

"If only I could let my daughter know!" she exclaimed. "I'm sure she would come along and give me a hand."

Mrs. Jacko asked where her daughter lived, and when she heard that it was only a little way off across some fields she



Round and round he went till he felt quite dizzy

promised to send Jacko to fetch her. And she went off, leaving the old lady very much happier.

Jacko never minded going on an errand, and he was particularly keen on this one when he heard that Mrs. Chimp's daughter and her husband lived in a windmill.

He set off across the fields as fast as he could go, feeling quite sure that he was in for an exciting time.

And so he was—though it wasn't quite the sort of excitement he would have chosen. Just as he was crossing the last field he caught sight of a huge pig waddling about near the windmill.

Jacko's face lit up. He thought pigs were very stupid animals, and could never resist playing some sort of a trick on them. In a twinkling he had cut himself a stick from the hedge and was gently prodding the pig's stumpy trotters.

"Now then, move along there!" he said, copying a policeman. "No loitering, if you please."

The pig went forward with a little run. But it didn't like being hurried, and at last it turned round and made a rush at Jacko. That young gentleman merely laughed. But suddenly he heard a shout. Mrs. Chimp's daughter had come to the door of the windmill. "Come in here, quick!" she called. "He's a rare one when roused is our pig!"

Jacko took to his heels. But the pig ran faster than he did, and Jacko hadn't time to reach the door. He seized one of the arms of the windmill as it swept over his head, and was swung high into the air. Round and round he went till he felt quite dizzy.

Mrs. Chimp's daughter gave a shriek and rushed for her husband; and when he saw what had happened he drove the pig away and then stopped the windmill.

"That'll teach you to worry our old porker," he said.

### A Word Square

THE following clues indicate four words which written one under the other will make a square of words. Where the Sun is seen in the morning. A wide space. To look for a thing. To appropriate. Answer next week

### How Dickens Wrote His Name

CHARLES DICKENS is easily the most widely read of all English novelists.

He was a master of both pathos and rollicking humour. He used his great influence for the remedying of abuses, and many notable social reforms got their first impulse from one or other of his novels.

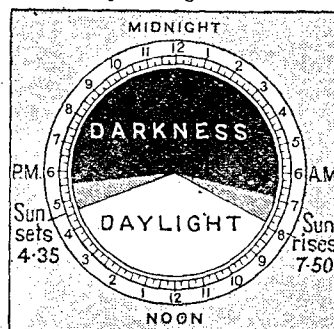
Dickens was born in 1812 and died in 1870. This is how he wrote his name:

*Charles Dickens*

### Is Your Name Hayward?

HAY means a hedge and therefore an enclosure, and Ward means a warden or caretaker. Thus the first Haywards were the custodians of hedges or of what a hedge enclosed.

### Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

## DR. MERRYMAN

### Table Manners

DO we eat the flesh of the whale, Tommy?

Yes, Teacher.

And what do we do with the bones? We leave them on the sides of our plates.

### Will Make You Ponder

HISSED a somewhat ill-fed Anaconda,

"Through the jungle it's time I should wanda.

I may meet a fat roe,  
And, as naturalists know,  
There's nothing of which I am fonda!"

### For His Health

A COUNTRY householder found a tramp prowling round his chicken-run one night.

"You look ill," he said kindly; "you ought not to be out on a cold night like this. It will do you no good."

"But it's by doctor's orders, sir," said the tramp.

"Did the doctor order you to prowl round hen-houses at night?" said the householder, less kindly.

"Not exactly that, sir," said the tramp, "but he ordered me to have chicken-broth."

### If You Can't Read

THE following notice was to be seen in a Herefordshire village some years ago:

John Jones Tailor and Butcher  
Three Miles up this road

If you can't read this  
ask at the Blacksmith's.

### A Great Smoker

OFFERED a cigar by his host once, Sir Thomas Lipton refused, saying "Although I am the greatest smoker in England I never smoke cigars." "Indeed," said his host; "then what do you smoke?" "Bacon," said the great provision dealer.

### The Reason

THE Reporter: To what do you attribute your great age?

The Centenarian: Well, the fact that I was born a hundred years ago might have something to do with it.

### What He Learned in Prison

A GREAT king asked some of his courtiers how they had passed the time in the prisons into which their youthful pranks had sometimes led them.

One replied that he had learned mathematics, another drawing, a third to play the lute.

"And you," resumed the monarch, turning to one who kept silence, "what did you learn in your prison?"

"Sire, I learned never to go there again."

### Proverbs on Hope

WHILE there's life there's hope. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.

Hope is a good breakfast but it is a bad supper.

He that lives on hope has but a slender diet.

Great hopes make great men.

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

#### Cross Word Puzzle

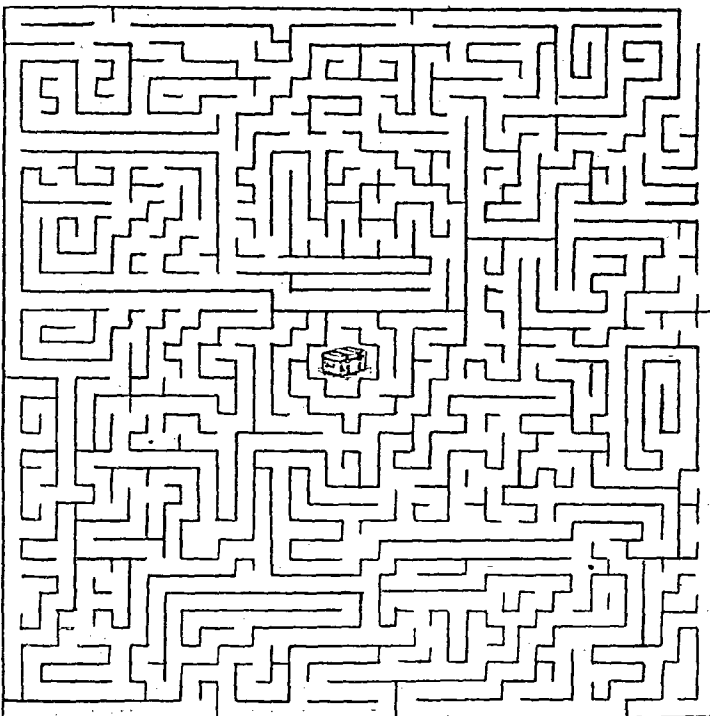
Here is the answer to last week's puzzle:

What Am I?	COUNT PRINCE
A key	LAT OASIS OH
A Picture Puzzle	ATIE POT ADA
Tea POT,	WHAT N EDEIN
LYre, plANE,	SG INGHAM K
THUm b,	SHERO ASIA
m o U S e .	S REVISERS
Polyanthus.	TOLD A SENT
	ANY SEA ROE
	CC KEATS SE
	KEDGE E ARIED

### A Puzzle in Rhyme. Penknife

#### Arithmetical Problem

$9 \times 3 + 7 + 6 + 5 + 4 + 3 + 2 + 1 = 109$



Take a pencil and trace your way through this maze to the treasure-chest in the middle, starting at the top right-hand corner



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

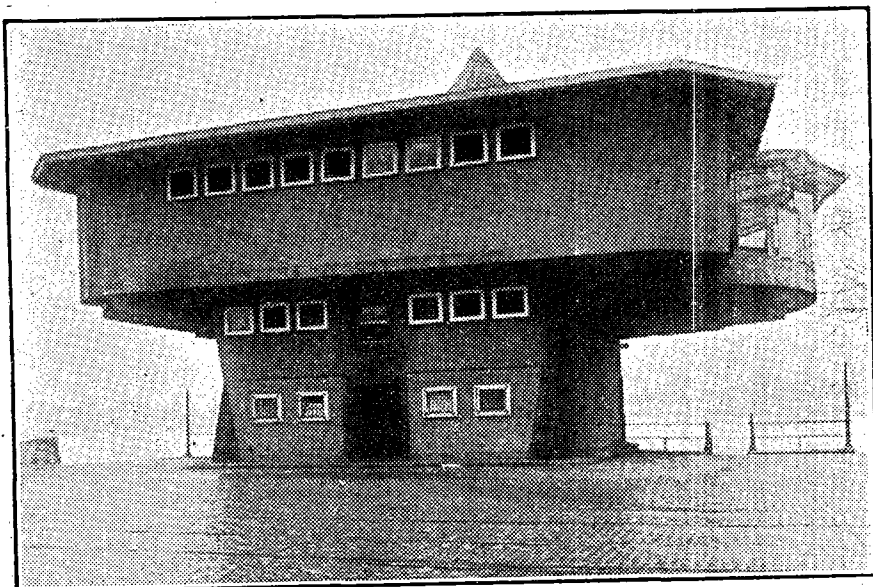
# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

January 22, 1927

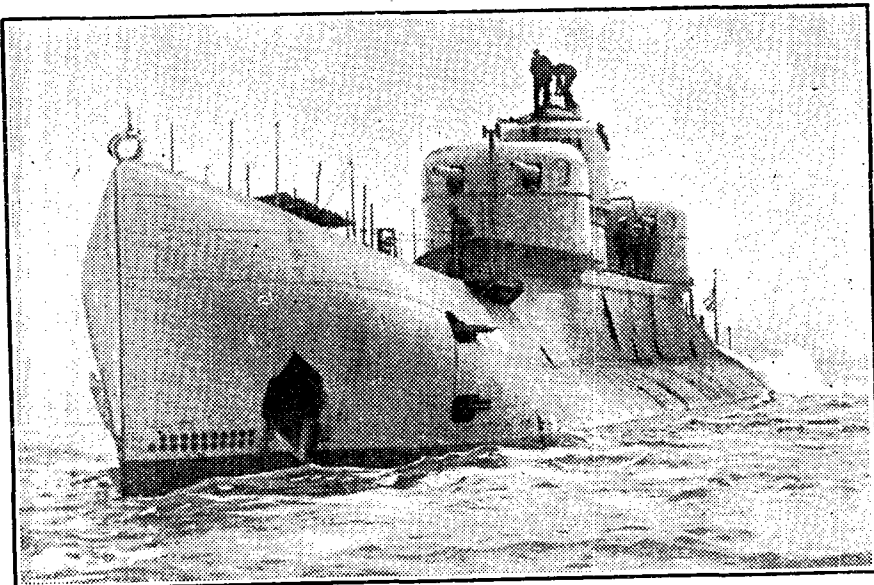
Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

## CORMORANT COMES TO LONDON • A MOTOR-CAR BY AIR • NEW YEAR LAMBS



**A Building Like a Mushroom**—This strange example of architecture has been built at Cologne on the left bank of the Rhine. A restaurant in the top floor overlooks the river



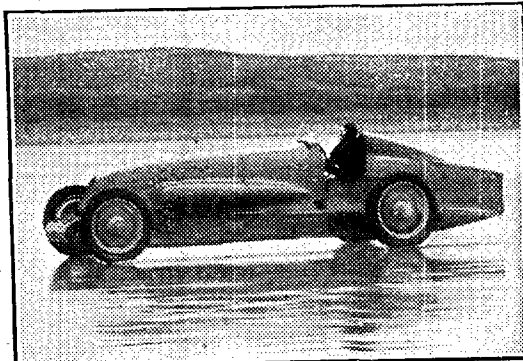
**New Submarine for the Fleet**—The giant submarine seen here is armed with twin guns in revolving turrets, and has lately been added to the fleet after trials which lasted three years



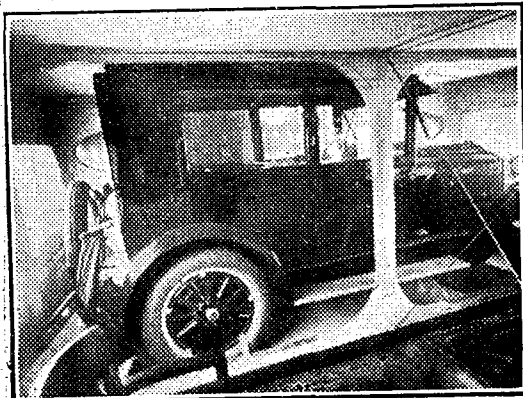
**A Cormorant Near London**—Here we see a cormorant which was found on the River Lea near Enfield, in Middlesex, only a few miles from London. It is very unusual for this bird to be so far from the coast



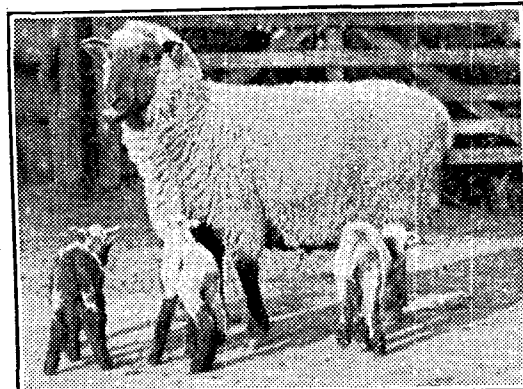
**At the Winter Sports**—When this little boy grows up he should be a very skilful ski-runner, for he already enjoys this thrilling winter sport. Here we see him setting off for a run at Maloja, in Switzerland



**Attempting a Speed Record**—This picture shows Captain Malcolm Campbell driving his car at 135 miles an hour on Pendine Sands, Carmarthenshire, while making an attempt to beat the world's speed record



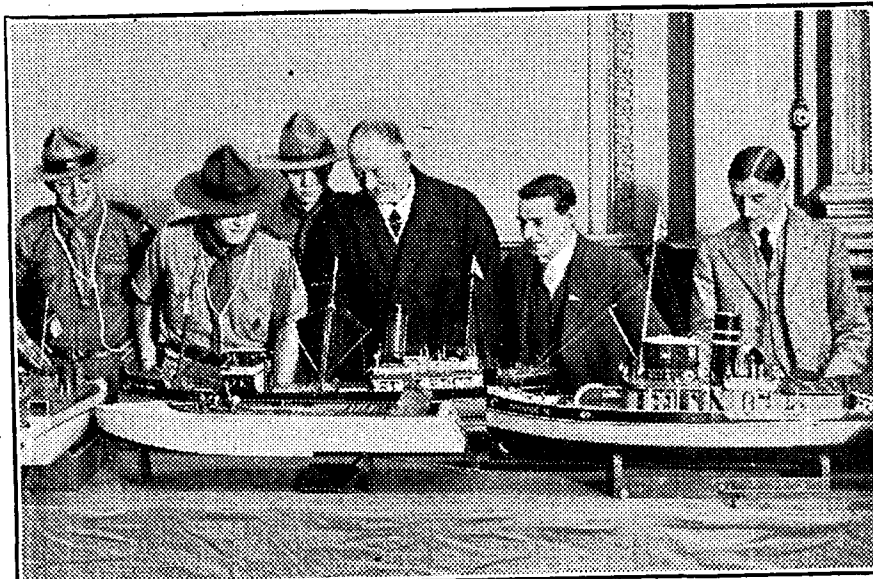
**Motor-Car in an Aeroplane**—This motor-car is exhibited in the remote districts of America in an aeroplane, which also contains an office for the salesman



**The Earliest Lambs**—Soon we shall be able to see lambs in the fields all over the country, but here are three of the earliest, born at Worle, near Weston-Super-Mare



**Dinner-Time at a Home for Horses**—These children are feeding two little Shetland ponies at a home of rest for horses at Cricklewood, London. The ponies are full grown, and although they are both the same size, one of them is fifteen years old while the other is only five



**An Exhibition for Boys**—The recent Schoolboys' Own Exhibition at the Horticultural Hall, London, was opened by Lord Desborough, who is here seen with some Scouts inspecting the models of ships and motor-launches. One of the exhibits was a full-sized aeroplane

## THE IDEA THAT SAVED AMERICA AND RUINED EUROPE—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press (1922), Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these Agents: Canada, Imperial News Co. (Canada), Ltd.; Australasia, Gordon & Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency. R/L